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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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An Adventurer in the Conquest of Disease

A SOLDIER IN SCIENCE. By Bailey K. Ashford. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. $3.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

THERE are certain great soul-satisfying occupations that make of life an enthralling adventure where one begrudges even the hours of sleep. Among these is exploring. By exploring I do not mean merely to search by land or sea for unknown places or people, but rather the larger significance of seeking for what is undiscovered in any branch of human endeavor.

There is a thrill that comes to those who "take the golden road to Samarkand" that is as heady as wine. When "the stars are setting and the caravan starts" men live fully. No one feels this more keenly than the medical scientist, for on every voyage that he starts with his microscope new worlds are lying ahead.

Dr. Bailey K. Ashford is primarily an explorer. Not only has he dreamed greatly but he has turned dreams into achievements. In his book, "A Soldier in Science," this stands out in every chapter. He is never contented for long with the easy days of routine. He finds some disease that is troubling the people, some illness like the pernicious anemia which has been crippling the generations, and which has been accepted as an inevitable cross to be borne in life. At once his mind starts considering on the wherefore and why and before long he is deep in research and investigation.

It is hard for me to write dispassionately of his work, for I have seen the results and I know him personally. In the war I was a member of the same Division,

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Swan in America

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

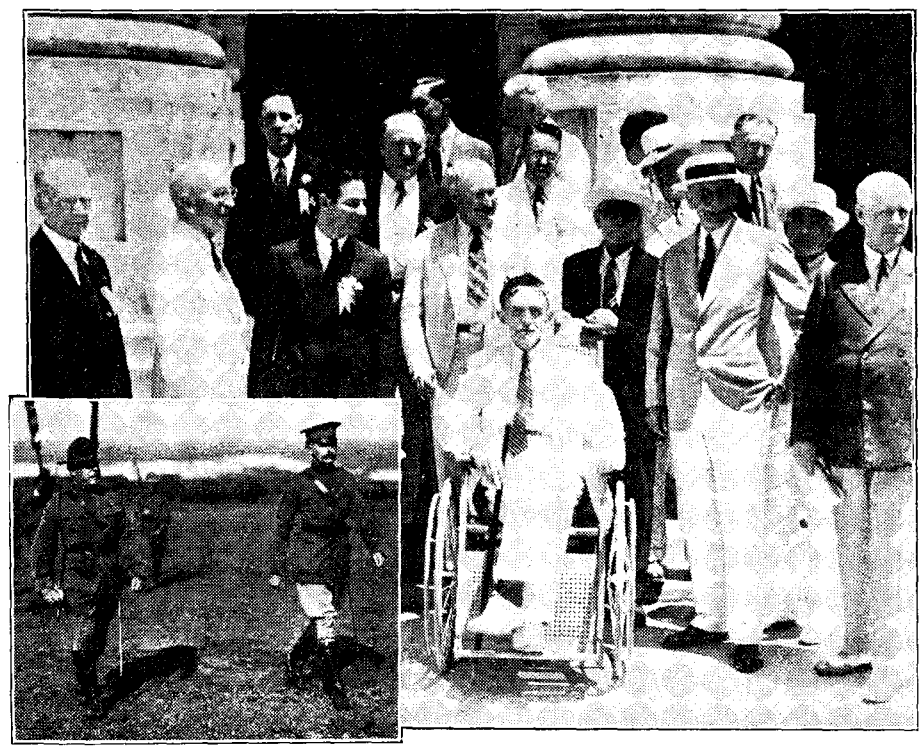
COOL, cool reflection, swan-shape motion, O
Rare, wan, self-gazing, dying, glide . . .
I take king-fisher to break with rings the slow
Hypnotic figure. I choose the open wide

Wing of the buzzard or the spread of the hawk,
Or wild geese in a wedge like an arrow-head.
Bird, symbol of our aspiration, as we walk
Country and stare upward, let it ever be said

We choose first the breasted daring of the air;
Eagles we do not see and the hurry-song of the lark,
Before this trancéd attitude, this rare
Creature peering into water ruffled with the dark.

And yet old gods, old legends and old songs
Sleep on the waters potent with the swan;
Our Irish brothers and the Grecian throngs
Saw the phantom with the breeze upon

This water-drop, *the soul*. American lore
Plods the great continent searching the symbol-prize.
Will we come eventually to this little shore
To watch the swan with fascinated eyes?



DR. BAILEY ASHFORD (SEATED) AT THE PAN-AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, SAN JUAN, 1934. (*Photo by Harwood Hull.*)
Inset, Dr. Ashford (right) awarded Distinguished Service Medal, 1925.

The Fear of Mind in America

BY IRWIN EDMAN

FOR a nation that prides itself, as does our own, on the wealth and energy it lavishes upon education, we are as a nation almost pathologically afraid of those habits of reflection and analysis which education is supposed to promote. There is probably no country in the world so suspicious of its intellectual classes or so inclined to laugh at them, so convinced that those who live chiefly by and among things of the mind are foolish or trivial or insincere. The repeated outcries against the Brain Trust are but the latest and perhaps not the most typical instances of the American fear of mind, especially mind disciplined by academic training and professional intellectual standards.

So widespread is this type of distrust even among the allegedly educated, among informed men of affairs, among journalists, preachers, and even among teachers themselves that the phenomenon demands examination once again. "Once again" is said advisedly, for observers both native and foreign have often been struck by the fact. The traditional explanation, not without some justification, is that the frontier tradition lingers among us, spiritual even where the frontier physically has passed long ago into history. It is the commonplace of historical criticism of American life that we are perforce a nation committed to the exaltation of action. Contemplation is admired only in a society mellow with leisure and with accomplished material achievement. Where there were forests to be felled, and a continent to be cleared, the life of the mind had to wait. Where there the necessary had to be done, the luxury of thought could not be indulged in.

The explanation would be more satisfying if it did not happen to be a fact that a pioneer civilization produced Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin; and Emerson and Thoreau came to flower long before the nation could be called old or effete. And it is only by a kind of anachronistic rhetoric that American life today can be said still to display the marks of the frontier.

There are both deeper and more contemporary causes for the uneasiness so often displayed in this country in the presence of mind or of those who espouse it or who illustrate the career of mind in their own careers. Some of these deeper sources of distrust of the intellect have nothing to do with America exclusively; they have to do rather with the general malaise of the human creature, always the victim and devotee of his habits, to anything that carries with it the hint of change. Reflection does just this. It arouses and accents uncertainty. It opens new and often radical perspectives. It is, in the language of Bertrand Russell, "No respecter of persons or established institutions." "It looks into the pit of hell and is not afraid." It is but necessary to go back into the history of Christian theology, to observe how troubled the Church has been from the Gnostics onward, by those who brought too independently to bear upon authority and dared to reshape revelation by reflection.

One has but to review the social history of England to see what a deep distrust a people moulded deeply by social habits (and nourished by them) has had for its intellectual classes. It has been repeatedly remarked how suspect a vice is "cleverness" in England, how intelligence has been looked upon as a tacit or rather talkative enemy of virtue. Perhaps it is only among the ancient Greeks and the modern French that intelligence itself has been esteemed a virtue, perhaps the only virtue, far more genuinely so than obedience or chastity, or conformity, or thrift. Yet even the Greeks condemned and killed Socrates, and there were many enemies of Voltaire. The habit of intelligence is of its very essence sceptical, curious, and questioning. The plain man (and the history of American life is primarily his history), has never had much use for the iconoclastic and experimental habit which

(*Continued on next page*)

Don Cossacks

AND QUIET FLOWS THE DON. By Mikhail Sholokhov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by the GRAND DUCHESS MARIE

THE Don Cossacks are the descendants of adventurous men who sought freedom from the various restrictions of the more populated and organized areas of ancient Northern and Central Russia amongst the vast empty spaces of the Southeast. In bands they fought wandering tribes which since time immemorial had grazed horses and cattle on the fertile plains and finally settled permanently upon the land they had appropriated.

For centuries the Cossacks held the furthermost outposts of the Russian Empire and were the guardians of its boundaries. A warrior race not remembering bondage or servitude of any sort, they remained a free people both in spirit and organization. In times of peace the Cossacks tilled the soil, bred horses and cattle, but they were more enterprising than their brothers the peasants. They were, therefore, wealthier and their standard of living was higher. They performed their military service in regiments of their own which were incorporated as separate units into the army and furnished according to a long established custom their own equipment, including a horse for which they were reimbursed by the state. Retaining his old characteristics, the Cossack even in modern times remained restless at heart and was always in search of some excitement to relieve the monotony of a peaceful existence.

Mikhail Sholokhov, a Cossack himself, gives an inspired and true picture of Cossack life and spirit. He knows his subject intimately. You feel that he himself has grown up amongst his heroes, that he knows their every thought and gesture. The landscape is familiar to him down to the smallest stone on the shore of the Don and to the tiniest blade of grass. His love for everything connected with Cossack life is passionate and he communicates this enthusiasm to the reader.

For a Russian there is music in the breadth and rhythm of this truly Russian

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This Week

THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER
By JOHN GADE
Reviewed by Stanley Went

HITLER IN DER KARIKATUR DER WELT
By ERNST HANFSTAENGL
Reviewed by Dorothy Thompson

TO THE VANQUISHED
By I. A. R. WYLIE
Reviewed by William Harlan Hale

FIRST AND LAST
By RING LARDNER
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

YEARS ARE SO LONG
By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE
Reviewed by Amy Loveman

PROPERTY OR PEACE?
By HENRY NOEL BRAILSFORD
Reviewed by Alfred E. Zimmern

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

JOHN KEATS
By LEONARD BACON

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The Fear of Mind in America

(*Continued from first page*)

so often accompanies the procedure of intelligence. The plain man is worried not simply by the fact that criticism of the established carries the implication of change. He has, in all countries, but particularly in America, the suspicion, in varying degrees well grounded, that the intellectuals as a class lapse easily into irrelevance, remoteness, and verbalism.

This charge against the American intellectual classes is not altogether lightly to to be dismissed. It is very natural for a class whose business is the making of distinctions, developing, teaching, writing, and expounding theories, to become self-hypnotized by those delightful enterprises. Intellectual work may for all the solemnity of its apparatus and intention, be essentially trivial. American professors and publicists have been far from free of playboy irrelevance. They have talked on issues of the first human importance and talked, as the plain man has observed, beside rather than to the point. One has but to review the intellectual fashions of the last twenty-five years, the successive enthusiasm for new formulas and the repeated abandonment of them, to realize how the intellectuals so easily pass from interest in ideas for the illumination of experience to fantasy-like preoccupation with the experience of ideas. Five years ago the more intellectual journals were filled with the pros and cons of humanism, one year ago with technocracy. And a good deal of the enthusiasm of young and ardent minds for communism—the very language of dialectic materialism betrays them—is as much a concern with the dialectic of their dogma as it is with a way of either solution or salvation.

There is a high sense, of course, in which any sustained thinking must become irrelevant. It must deliberately turn from embodiment in the transient, in the incidental, and the particular to reflection upon general and ultimate issues. The practical man does not make a fine distinction between the detachment that is [illegible]ching or search- [illegible]relevance that is [illegible]g with formulas. Part of the contempt that has been brought upon the analytic habit of mind has been or should be charged up to the trivial dialecticians, the playful verbalists of the intellectual life. They have in the minds of a large public which should but does not know better, helped to bring the highest enterprises of the intellectual life into disrepute.

A considerable literate public has indeed been led to believe that all intellectual enterprise is an obsession with the fine spun. The intellectual class in American life has been regarded with something of the disdain or repulsion that the full blooded always feel for the thinly fastidious and the preciously esthetic.

American life has been cursed, more than life in most other countries, by a sharp division between the practical and the impractical, and the pursuits of thought as well as of art have had among us a put-on and a trivial character. We have probably the largest pseudo-intellectual class in the world, that amorphous group which reads book reviews and not books, the chatterers in the salons, and those who write with such an audience in view. In that pseudo-intellectual class should also be included the poets who, as Mr. Max Eastman recently pointed out, make a cult of unintelligibility, the philosophers who play a logical counterpoint for the mere virtuosity of the exercise, and the critics of music and painting who are more interested in developing esoteric theories of those arts than in those arts themselves. The plain man may be wrong in thinking that all wisdom can be put in words of one syllable, but he is justified in having some suspicion of thinkers who think that no truths can be uttered save in words six syllables long.

The self-consciousness, the snobbishness, the estheticism of much alleged intellectual work in America is, among other things, a consequence of the fact that the intellectual classes have been made to feel alien in the general setting of American life. They have retreated to their little coteries and their elaborate daydreaming because they have been as a class cut off from the main stream of social and political activities. They have returned the scorn with which they have been treated and emphasized the isolation to which they have been subjected. Thought as well as art becomes decadent when it is cut off from the nourishment of the life around it and from the responsibilities of participation in that common life. The intellectuals have been educated to irresponsibility and have been charged with the irresponsibility to which they have been trained.

The net result has been such an enmity, of late not tacit, as has always existed between town and gown in small university towns. Two reasons for this enmity flow from the tension and uneasiness created by the economic crisis. On the one hand, the luxury of triviality and estheticism might be indulged in boom days. In times of prosperity America has indulged its intellectuals as it might indulge children. What did it matter if a few abstracted spirits amused themselves with obscure trivialities? Even practical men might endow highbrow movements in arts and letters, and culture, the more esoteric the better, might be endowed by millionaires in the same way they might endow the reproduction of operas in languages they could not understand. But with the economic crisis, the always nascent suspicion of triviality has grown. The intellectuals seem to be playing while Rome is burning, and among the luxuries that have to be dispensed with—on this millionaires and state legislatures seem agreed—are all the research and educational enterprises that cannot justify themselves on severely practical grounds.

There has been another and almost precisely opposite reason for criticism of the intellectual class. This flows from the fact that since the beginning of the crisis, intellectuals themselves, even those who used a few years ago to have a high scorn of political and social problems, have turned from the more esoteric fields to theoretical proposals or practical participation in political and social life. They have ranged in their theories from reform to revolution, and in practice have entered into public life, municipal, state, and above all, federal.

All the charges that have been levelled against theories in the past have been

THE CLASS OF 1934
Cartoon by Talburt, Washington Daily News

resuscitated. Long ago Plato in the "Republic" pointed out how amused the populace would be at the idea of a philosopher ruling the state. The familiar charges of triviality, of fine-spunness, or irrelevance, or radicalism, or erraticism have been revived. The same public that likes to accuse intellectuals of busying themselves with things that do not matter, has grown savage at the sight of intellectuals busying themselves with things that do matter, immediately and urgently. We once had ridicule of a "schoolmaster President"; we have now the spectacle of criticism, ranging from ridicule to abuse, of professorial advisers to a President. The deep-seated distrust of mind, like other deep-seated and repressed antipathies, comes to the surface in times of crisis.

It is no use pointing out, as has been repeatedly pointed out, that the practical men had their turn in the seats of the mighty, and cannot be said, by the most practical calculus, to have made a success of it. It is no use protesting that the whole hope of democracy lies in using its trained and expert intelligence in the direction of its affairs. For at bottom it is not a class, but a way of life that is distrusted. It is not an intellectual group but intellectuality itself that is feared. What is feared as a matter of fact is something that the professional intellectual class in America has been sometimes, and is still in large numbers, far from displaying. The genuinely intellectual habit of mind is far from being merely intellectualistic. Theory, theoria, in the fine old Greek sense, is far from being merely theoretical. To think, in a genuine sense, is to see things in their own terms and in their own order and connection (the last phrase, is, of course, Spinoza's). Theory, in the noblest and truest acceptation of that term, is vision. It is the vision detached, consistent, and comprehensive. It is not the utterance or the propagation of a dogma. It is the attempt to understand. Such attempts at understanding are the best guarantee of freedom, for they are free from anything but the motive of complete and comprehensive seeing. The fear of mind is at its heart the fear of understanding and the fear of truth. It is fear that our prejudices may be exploded and our dearest superstitions made untenable. In its extreme forms it produces that enraged anti-intellectualism which seems to animate the current political régime in Germany. The welcome to mind is the welcome to understanding and ultimately to peace. For whatever be the evils we may have to face, the chaos that may lie ahead of us, only a candid attempt at understanding will help to remove those evils and to clarify that chaos. And where mind cannot remove evils, at least by understanding their conditions, we may be enabled, as Spinoza long ago observed, to become at peace with nature and with ourselves. The fear of mind opens the door to sentimentality on the one hand and brutality on the other. Neither brutality nor sentimentalism will cure our present distresses.

A World War Hero

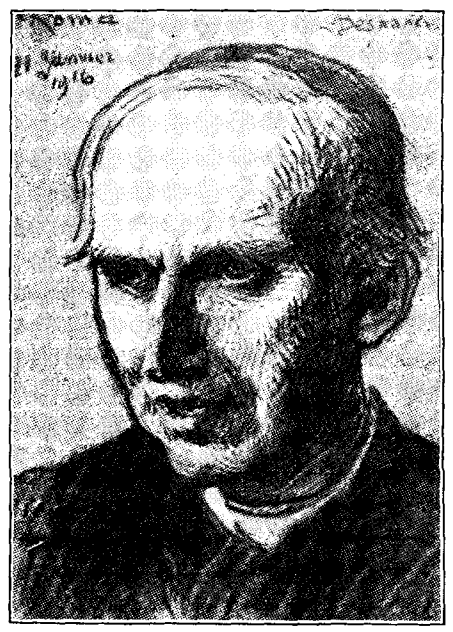
THE LIFE OF CARDINAL MERCIER. By John Gade. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

THE Great War produced many humble heroes, but few from the ranks of the leaders. England failed to produce a Nelson, France a Napoleon, Italy a Garibaldi. Among the Central Powers, grim old Hindenburg alone approached heroic stature. It was left for trampled Belgium to give to the world the two outstanding heroes of the war, and in doing so to exalt the power of the spirit. The world is the richer and human dignity the greater because King Albert declined the easy way of safety and Cardinal Mercier opposed his moral authority to the physical force of von Bissing, and prevailed.

The present work is the first full-sized biography of the great Cardinal. Doubtless it is not definitive, as the author is well aware; only in the long perspective of time will Désiré Joseph Mercier take his rightful place in the procession of history. Meanwhile it is well that we should have the facts of the Cardinal's life and a sympathetic appraisal of the great part he played in the events of his time. There is also perhaps a positive advantage in having the biography written by a Protestant, whose work, nevertheless, has received the imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes.

It was the accident of war that thrust Mercier into the conspicuous position he occupied in the eyes of the world; but apart altogether from the war the Cardinal was one of the really great figures in the Catholic hierarchy. To the qualities that made him such Mr. Gade does full justice and on the whole maintains an admirable balance in his portrayal of the triple rôle of saint, scholar and ecclesiastical statesman. The Cardinal was a born teacher who brought to his vocation an immense erudition, a special enthusiasm for the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas, and a broad and astonishingly liberal culture. His piety was profound; his faith at once simple and majestic; his personal



CARDINAL MERCIER
From a drawing by Albert Besnard.

asceticism such as to cause anxiety to members of his household.

The general reader will turn naturally to the chapters dealing with the four years of war which marked the high point of Cardinal Mercier's career. Just how many army corps that tall, dignified figure was worth to the Allies can never be accurately appraised; that he contributed powerfully to the moral condemnation of Germany, and hence to her ultimate defeat, is not to be gainsaid. During the whole time of the subjugation of Belgium he reinterpreted for the world the phrase, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." Submitting punctiliously, though always under protest, to the physical power of the invaders, and urging a like submission on his people, he never lost sight of, or allowed the German authorities to lose sight of, the moral rights of the Belgians. His pastoral letter, "Patriotism and Endurance," of Christmas Day, 1914, circulated despite the prohibition of the conquerors, became, as the author says, "the fundamental Charter of Rights and Duties of occupied Belgium."

In the post-war years the Cardinal devoted himself heart and soul to the famous Malines "conversations," undertaken to explore unofficially the possibilities of reunion between the Anglican and the Roman Catholic churches. Perhaps some successor of Mr. Gade may yet record as one of the most significant acts of Mercier's life the summoning to his deathbed of his friend Lord Halifax, the leader in the "conversations" on the English side. Halifax, at eighty-four, answered the summons, was present at a communion at the bedside, and received as a farewell gift the Cardinal's pastoral ring, which he wore thereafter on a chain until his own death a few months ago.

Astronomical Earth

EARTH, RADIO AND THE STARS. By Harlan T. Stetson. New York: Whittlesey House. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR H. COMPTON

THE earth as an object of astronomical study has been somewhat neglected. It has long been known that the ocean tides are due to effects of the sun and moon. There are other minor effects of the gravitational pull of these neighbors on the motion of the earth. Dr. Stetson, who in this book describes these and other astronomical aspects of the earth, has made himself a leading authority in this field. One of his most interesting contributions is the correlation between the tides and the strength of radio signals. This is just one of several ways in which the positions of the sun and moon affect our earth. Others include changes in the weather with the sun spots cycle, auroral displays associated with sun spots, etc. He has presented also a brief discussion of the major characteristics of the cosmic rays, which appear to be visitors from remote portions of interstellar space.

The charming informality of Dr. Stetson's style, combined with his thorough mastery of the subject, makes this volume one of unusual interest.

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Putzy-Footing Propaganda

HITLER IN DER KARIKATUR DER WELT. TAT GEGEN TINTE. Ein Bildsammelwerk von Ernst Hanfstaengl. 1934.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

IT is a curious thing that the Nazis, who think so highly of propaganda and its function in the state that they have a large and expensive ministry devoted to it, whose chief is considered to be only second or third in importance to the Leader himself, are proving to be amazingly inadept at it insofar as the outside world is concerned. The publication of Hitler's own "My Struggle," in England, France, and the United States, served precisely the opposite purpose to the one for which it was designed. In English it became the basis for effective anti-Nazi agitation; in France the mere publication of an unexpurgated edition led to the legal intervention of the German publishers—the French publication was regarded as an act of French hostility against Germany!

Indeed, the *only* effective Nazi propaganda that I have seen—and I have seen a great deal—has been from the pens of Germans (and some Englishmen) who are not avowed Nazis at all. I dare say, for instance, that Franz von Papen's speech of criticism against "certain dross" resulting from the national renaissance, reproduced in the June 24th issue of *The New York Times*, will do a great deal more to weaken foreign resistance to contemporary Germany than any speech Goebbels ever made; I think of the subtle propaganda conducted for years by the young men who edited *Die Tat*, from which they consistently, and often brilliantly, assailed liberalism and Marxianism, espousing at the same time a nebulous anti-capitalistic and Prussian-socialism thesis. (Hans Zehrer, the editor, is out of a job in the Third Reich.) There is, to quote another instance, Herr Seiburg, the author of the much-read volume "Is God a Frenchman?" who has certainly never been a member of the National Socialist Party, but whose last book "Germany, My Country," presents an abler case for today's Germany than any official propaganda which I have seen. The tendency of all of the official propagandists is greatly to underestimate both the brains and the feelings of their foreign public. (I believe that they also underestimate their own public; there is plenty of evidence that the German people are becoming sick to death of propaganda.) The Rosenberg mission to England, the Spanknoebel affair in the United States, were both examples of Nazi heavy-handedness for which their only counter-retort might be to point to some of the anti-Nazi agitators—Mr. Dickstein and Mr. Untermyer, for instance—who only too often make the same mistakes.

Cartoon from Simplicissimus, 1928, *predicting the split of the Nazi party.*

At any rate, I doubt whether this last piece of propaganda, "Hitler in Caricature—Deeds against Ink—" edited, and with comments, by Dr. Ernst ("Putzy") Hanfstaengl, will make any converts. Dr. Hanfstaengl, who, thanks to the tactical blunders of the anti-fascists, has been so much in the press these last days that he needs no introduction, is here trying good-naturedly to laugh off the international attacks on Hitler. In this he acts in character. Dr. Hanfstaengl is an urbane gentleman, whose amiability has been counted one of the assets of the Hitler régime. There are no unpleasant myths about him. He has never been known to insult a Jew; polemic is not his forte; he has never given a public display of bad temper; he plays the piano admirably; he has had some distinguished American forebears. In his book, reminiscent of Henry Mencken's "Schimpflexicon," he has collected about a hundred caricatures of Hitler, which appeared in the publications of various countries over the last ten years, and by their reproduction and appropriate comments, has sought to hold the prophets of the press up to ridicule, and to show how historical fact has silenced journalistic jeering.

And yet, when one has turned over each page of this book, and has the whole accumulation spread out in one's mind, the total impression is that the German National Leader is still definitely on the defensive. Here principle is not opposed to principle, but polemic to polemic, and neither side scores. For the antagonism which the world feels toward Hitler rests upon deeper and more fundamental bases than are revealed here.

There is, of course, a reason for this. Dr. Hanfstaengl has selected these hundred cartoons from amongst thousands. He has selected them with a view to answering them, and he has selected the ones which can most easily be answered. He has omitted the best ones. I think, for example, of the Scotch cartoonist Low's inimitable cartoon on How to Make a Revolution, which appeared in the early days of the Hitler régime. It was carefully clipped by Englishmen and Germans, carried in the vest pocket, and even in Germany—when no one was looking—was fished out, handed around, and grinned over. It is *not* in this collection.

The greater number of these cartoons are reproduced to show, with appropriate crowings, how the prophecies of Hitler's political opponents have been refuted. One group holds up to ridicule the possibility of Hitler coming into power. Well, Hitler is in power, now, and this ought perhaps to be sufficient answer. It is, however, not sufficient answer for the official propagandists. For there are still a great many perverse people who think that their mistake was not to underrate Hitler but to overrate his opponents. For them Dr. Hanfstaengl uses this book over and over again to repeat the myth that Hitler came into power as the voluntary selected leader and dictator of a majority of the German people. The truth is that the prophets who predicted that Hitler would not achieve a conquest of the power by democratic methods—that is to say by winning a majority of the votes of the people—were right. Hitler did not win the power; it was handed to him by President von Hindenburg and the German nationalists. For an admirable statement of the sequence of events which established Hitler as dictator, this reviewer recommends Rudolph Olden's brochure "Hitler the Conqueror; the History of a Legend."

Another group of cartoons prophesies that Hitler will not fulfil his election promises and indicates that he is misleading the voters. Dr. Hanfstaengl's comment on one of these is that "to the irritation of his opponents, Mr. Hitler made no election promises." This statement is totally misleading. Although it is true that Hitler, as an agitator, managed with masterly adroitness to stick to generalities and appeal to emotions, he nevertheless campaigned on a definite election platform, formulated thirteen years before he came to power and frequently reiterated as being the final program of the party. The cartoonist-prophets did not err when they predicted that this platform would not be put into operation. For it promised to free the German people from interest-servitude and finance capitalism, and while it is true that Hitler's government has made it necessary for German industries to default on interest payments on debts which those industries have made abroad, there has been no tampering with the interest system at home.

Held up to laughter also are the prophecies of the cartoonists that the Nazi party would split apart because of the contradictory elements contained in it. Obviously Dr. Hanfstaengl was premature in ridiculing these predictions.

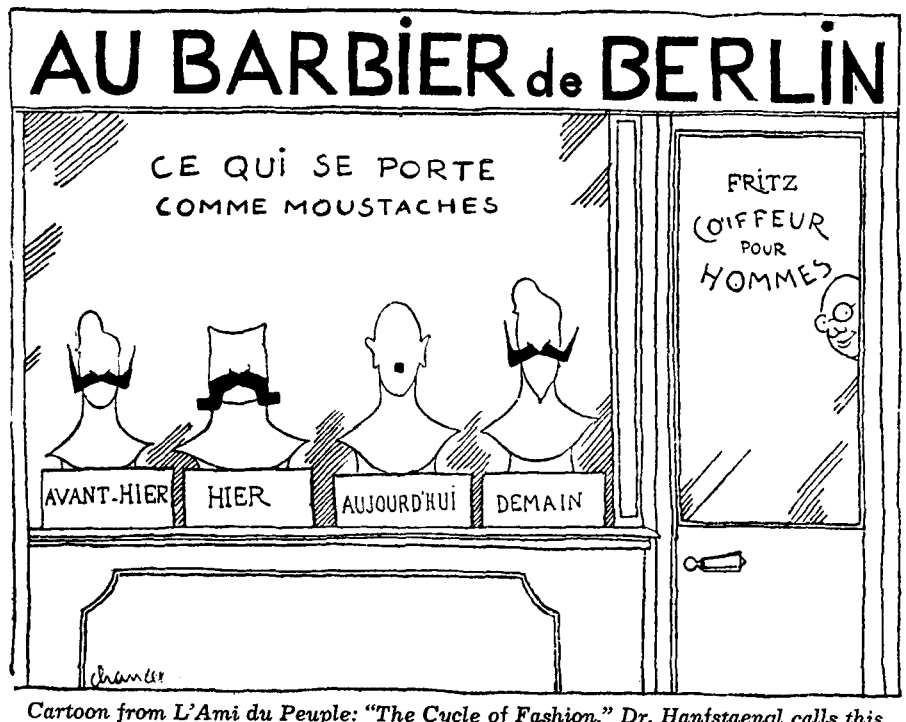
A cartoon which mocks at Hitler's four year plan for doing away with unemployment is dismissed with the taunt that in four months Hitler has reëmployed two million men. The inference appears to be that he has successfully solved the problems of the working classes. The facts appear to be, however, that the reëmployment has not resulted in any greater distribution of money amongst the poor; the total amount spent in wages is no higher than before. Peter has been robbed to pay Paul and neither Paul nor Peter is satisfied. The total economic policy has resulted in a shortage of goods, so that hoarding has already begun.

The cartoons which satirize or attack Hitler's anti-Jewish program are answered with extraordinary lameness. We again hear the argument that the preponderance of Jews in public offices represented a national menace—a statement which completely misrepresents the facts. Probably few countries had so few Jews in public office, and the anti-Jewish measures affect Jews in all walks of life. It is quite futile for Dr. Hanfstaengl to try again to fasten upon the Jews responsibility for the reports which came out of Germany of the atrocious happenings to socialists, pacifists, liberals, and Jews in the early days of the régime, or for the consistent criticism which has gone on since then. The rest of the world knows better. The most outspoken critics of the Hitler régime have by no means been only Jews.

Finally, Dr. Hanfstaengl seeks to answer all the charges of militarism by pointing to the Four Power Pact. Unfortunately the world's apprehension of a ruthless militaristic revival in Germany is not satisfied by the Four Power Pact. Not even the signatories regard themselves as secured by it—or why should every one of them be increasing armaments? Unfortunately the strongest witness to Germany's warlike intentions has been the Leader himself, whose political philosophy as expressed in his preëlection speeches and in his book accepts war as a natural and inevitable function. Dr. Hanfstaengl says that the Four Power Pact guarantees peace for the next ten years. The Leader, in his book, says that Germany needs peace in which to arm. I suppose that is one kind of peace, too.

The book concludes with a photograph of a laughing chancellor, and an admonition to German readers to follow his example and smile, too.

Tell that to sixty thousand emigrés, whose sense of humor seems singularly undeveloped. Dr. Hanfstaengl apparently is, but the world is not, amused.



Cartoon from L'Ami du Peuple: "The Cycle of Fashion." Dr. Hanfstaengl calls this a Parisian wish-fulfilment.

An Adventurer in the Conquest of Disease

(*Continued from first page*)

the First, about which he writes with such admiration. Later I saw him often in Puerto Rico, and not only him but the result of his work.

On the broad main avenue that runs from San Juan to Santurce stands the imposing white building that houses the School of Tropical Medicine. To it come distinguished scientists from many lands. When I was in Puerto Rico it drew students not merely from the Americas but from such far-away lands as India and Siam as well. In its halls are conducted experiments on tropical ailments of man of all types from plague to the various fevers.

To me it represents not merely the great work of science but perhaps unconsciously something even beyond. I see in it the ground on which nations are meeting and realizing a practical fellowship. Treaties are ephemeral because they are bred of passing circumstances. Sentimental talk of the brotherhood of man leads to a blind wall, for differences in language, custom, physique, and temper are too marked. But the science which serves a common need forms a solid foundation on which to build a continuing understanding and sympathy.

This great work, the School of Tropical Medicine, is traceable in large measure to Bailey Ashford. In his autobiography he tells us step by step how it passed from its humble beginnings in an Army tent or a native hut to its present fine stability.

Even this gives only part of the picture of his achievements, for I have seen also the results of his mastery of such plagues as anemia or sprue. Where people would have died or dragged out a miserable existence, a burden to themselves and others, they now are leading useful, happy lives.

The book is charmingly written with a vivid portrayal of conditions and incidents that carries the reader from page to page. There is a wide sympathy in the approach on other peoples and races, an understanding of their point of view, which unfortunately is too rare. His travels take him to many places in the world, but they have this great difference from the travels of many others. When he goes he is going not merely as a sightseer, but to take an active part in some important task.

Through the pages there occur time and again delightful pictures of various people he has known. The description of Lemaitre and the way he handled the desperately wounded poilu suffering from shock will always stay in my memory. Richet lives to me, though I never had met him. There are many such portraits and similar incidents that make the work of interest to all, lay or professional.

According to *John o' London's Weekly*, "Hugh Talbot," author of "Gentlemen—the Regiment" (a book highly praised in the *Saturday Review* when it appeared) and "Gay Pagan," is Argentine Francis Alington, brother of Adrian Alington, the novelist, and cousin of the Dean of Durham. Mr. Alington is a schoolmaster.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

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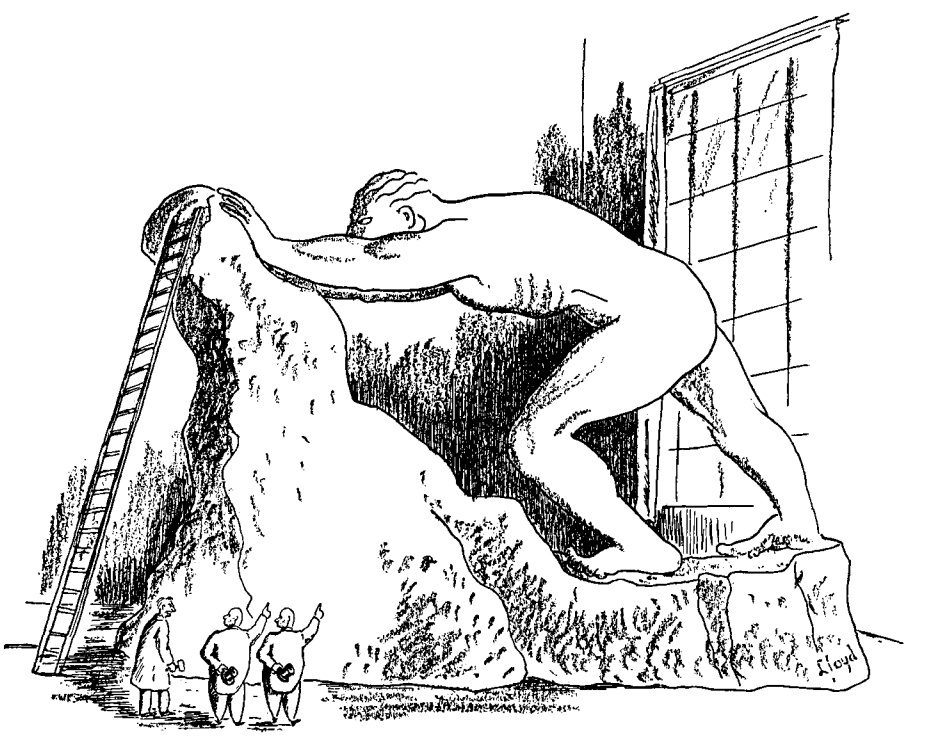
Summer Reading

The tradition that summer is the time for light reading seems to have worn somewhat thin. Possibly arising from academic sources—the long vacation offering the opportunity to call off all intellectual activity—the tradition has got into the book business and influenced publishers' list-making. But less this summer, it seems, than in years past. Light reading still flourishes, of course, but it does not appear to have taken a seasonal spurt. Observing the lists of new books and of best-sellers, one concludes that the all-year-round light reading public is no longer being reënforced during the summer by serious readers on holiday: that the serious readers are reading the serious books which are being provided for them. Has the summer reading tradition succumbed to the law of supply and demand, or does the demand exist only to be ignored by the supply?

Whatever hesitation a publisher may once have had in issuing a serious summer list has evidently disappeared. One reason may be that some of the most widely successful books of recent years were summer publications. "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Story of Philosophy," "Anthony Adverse," none of them "summer reading," none of them by authors previously popular, quickly come to mind. Certainly these are examples enough to encourage the publication of serious books in summer. And the summer lists this year, as any one can see from the majority of the reviews featured in this and other journals, are predominantly serious.

The reason for this, however, can probably not be entirely ascribed to changes in publishing practice; for publishing practice must ultimately depend on the available material, quite as much as on the public taste. Evidence is abundant for the hypothesis that the available material offers very little in the way of intelligent frivolity. This is not a period which may reasonably be expected to produce another Max Beerbohm or another Saki. If one wants light reading, one must either go to the library shelves or, if it has to be something new, compromise with the machine-made romance of the magazine writers. The times influence the author's output, and those among the younger authors who write not only for money have gone serious. A generation that has discarded art for art's sake will hardly go in for entertainment.

Yet this is a point which has been overlooked in all the recent controversy of art vs. propaganda. No one seems to have pointed out to the propaganda faction that their current output is suffering from arrested development: that aside from the question whether the propaganda is good art, what does matter to the public for whom the propaganda is intended, is whether it is good entertainment. The greatest propagandists have invariably realized this, from Swift to Dickens to Shaw. Readers of "Nicholas Nickleby" boiled over about English schools because it was exciting to read about Dotheboys Hall. Similarly, Shaw undermined the moral pretensions of capitalism not by his own moral indignation, but by laughing at them. These considerations are as obvious as platitudes can be; but our propagandist novelists and playwrights have not taken advantage of them. Perhaps the times are too serious; even Shaw has lost his sense of humor. But the first really funny story written in favor of the proletarian revolution, or the communist or fascist state, will introduce a valuable innovation into our propagandist literature. And it will make ideal summer reading.



"SWELL IDEA FOR A BOOK-END!"

Letters to the Editor: *Our Correspondents Burst into Poetry*

The Mystery

Yo, ho, ho, Hitler is a vermin:
Why did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?
That is one thing I simply cannot determine:
Why did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?
And then, what was it he spoke? Was it a song or a sermon?
Why, I ask you, did Mr. Bogumil Dawison speak in German?
There was Edwin Booth as Iago all dressed in ermine,
But, meanwhile, as Othello, Mr. Bogumil Dawison was speaking in German.
He may have been some sort of a Cossack firman,
But in that case, surely, he wouldn't have been speaking in German.
"Othello" is no play in which to costume one's self as a merman,
But neither is it precisely the time and the place to go around speaking in German.
My lack of information upon this point makes me feel like a worm an'
I completely fail to understand why Mr. Bogumil Dawison was speaking in German.
There were famous last words by Generals Jackson, Sheridan, and Sherman,
But it seems that some of the last words that Mr. Bogumil Dawison ever seems to have spoken were spoken in German.
I think this is one of the mysteries that will remain permanent—that Mr. Bogumil Dawison, at the Winter Garden, before that vast assemblage, in a performance which must find "an abiding home in dramatic story," where tier on tier the noble and the fair, with cheer on cheer, must certainly have been there, and ear on ear palpitated with expectancy in the dazzle of the lights and that electric air—was
gutturally
SPEAKING IN GERMAN!

ENDYMION PORTER.

Ballade of the Favorite Book

SIR:—I was agreeably titillated, as a Dickens enthusiast, to read Mr. Morley's whimsical bit of verse on "Nana and the *New York Times*."

Your mention of "Pickwick," incidentally, stirred me to a realization that it is nearly time for me to begin my seventh reading of that gorgeous book—or will it be the eighth?

In any event, I have celebrated your verse with another which, in spite of its probable technical defects, at least appears somewhat apropos in view of your comment.

When fancy fails, and friends deny
The answer to my spirit's need,
I still possess a staunch ally
To whom my mood is always keyed.
The book of honest British breed,
A book aglow with myriad tapers—
I take it down, and once more read
My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

It banishes my boredom's sigh,
And wafts me scents of English mead;
It sends me leaping, quick and spry,
To Dingley Dell, and Jingle's deed.
(Purses and hearts were made to bleed!)
So Jingle thought, whose jolly capers
From just one book—this one, proceed!
My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

And who'll forget Sam Veller? Aye!
The Sam whose impish spirit freed
The fable of the old "weal pie"
In which the "weal" was cats, indeed!
(Let all poor pussies here take heed).
Yet Pickwick's packed with such bright vapors,
A marvel, we must be agreed,
My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers."

ENVOY

Thus do you see a book succeed
That never needed censor's scrapers—
Come, do I have to bid you read
My old, beloved "Pickwick Papers"?

KENNETH ABRAM FOWLER.

Yonkers, N. Y.

Genius in the Woodpile

SIR:—I am impelled to write you briefly commenting upon the tragedy of undiscovered genius. Occasionally we hear this cry in the present day. I want to know, with thousands of book-sellers scanning the prospectus of every new book offered them; with hundreds of reviewers and critics keeping a weather eye open; with tens of thousands of diversified readers prying into every volume off the presses, how can it happen?

I am inclined to believe that when a supposedly deserving book "doesn't go" there is a nigger in the woodpile somewhere. It lacks the good old "u. a." (universal appeal.) Like a tire that suddenly goes flat—there's a reason.

WALTER HETFIELD BOCK.

Plainfield, N. J.

An Answer to "One Question"

SIR:—It can't have occurred to E. P., who asked The Bowling Green "one question" last week, that she is just as smug as the books she turns to for consolation. I say this in all sympathy and understanding, believing that the period of despair described by her is one through which everyone who thinks must pass.

The term "patient" should not be applied to E. P. alone, but to hundreds of other thinking people who are so sure they are on the inside that they are really on the outside, and rather wistful, too. Why should one shut oneself away from life with a wall of books? Literature is dependent on life and not the reverse. There is no chicken and egg dispute here.

Suppose Bunny in "Little Man, What Now?" bought carrots and gossipped. She would have all the intelligentsia buying carrots and gossipping vicariously. Separate her from her context and what more have we than someone for them to deride? Let's not reserve all our powers of analysis for reading hours.

E. P. has something to learn from the most naive carrot-buyer, and a little to envy—if unadulterated happiness is what she wants. Of course it all depends on whether she prefers the viewpoint of an adolescent Cabell who must create a world to suit himself, or a Thomas Mann, content with interpreting the world as it is.

Let us not waste time deploring "nit-wits" and "evils." Once analyzed they cease to be satanic phenomena.

Book-lovers are of the human species and the planet called Earth is their natural habitat. We are all lucky to have got a look-in on this exciting, breath-taking adventure. The "mundane," the "dull," and the "horrible" mentioned by the plaintiff are as the Little Fears that beset the Emperor Jones in the forest. Outside the forest there is sunlight and possible death and though death is more tangible than a Little Fear, it *is* what it is.

J. C.

Binghamton, N. Y.

Ralph Earl

SIR:—I am gathering material for a biographical and critical study of the art of Ralph Earl, the eighteenth-century New England portrait painter, and would very much appreciate any biographical data, letters, personal reminiscences, photographs and/or descriptions of portraits, miniatures, or landscapes from his hand.

FREDERIC FAIRCHILD SHERMAN.

44 State Street,
Westport, Conn.

The Eighth President

SIR:—I am preparing a life of Martin Van Buren, Eighth President, and would be grateful for any unpublished material on that subject. I am especially interested in personal anecdotes or in something concerning his wife, Hannah Holt Van Buren.

H. M. ALEXANDER.

25 E. 10th St.,
New York City.

Stella Benson Letters

SIR:—I have been asked by Mr. O'Gorman Anderson to write the life of Stella Benson (Mrs. Anderson). I would be grateful if any who have letters of hers which they are willing to have published, in whole or in part, would send them to me. They will be copied as soon as possible, and then returned.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

11, New Square, Lincoln's Inn,
London, W.C. 2.

Material on Major André

SIR:—I am preparing a life of Major John André from fresh material gathered in this country and abroad, and shall greatly appreciate the courtesy if any of your readers will extend the privilege of viewing mementoes or having photostats made of documents in their possession, which relate in any way to the days of André in America.

IDA M. MELLEN.

523 Sixth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

YEARS ARE SO LONG. By JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE. *Stokes.* A tale centered about the family tragedy of dependent old age.

AMERICAN SONG. By PAUL ENGLE. *Doubleday, Doran.* A volume of poems by one of the most promising of the younger writers.

STARS FELL ON ALABAMA. By CARL CARMER. *Farrar & Rinehart.* The soul of a southern state as it appeared to a Yankee.

This Less Recent Book:

HATTER'S CASTLE. By A. J. CRONIN. *Little, Brown.* A melodramatic, but powerful, story of Scottish life.

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Human Figures of Hitler's Germany

TO THE VANQUISHED. By I. A. R. Wylie. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

TO write a novel on a background so topical as that of Hitlerite Germany offers all the pitfalls of sensation and prejudice. Miss Wylie has used that background to such extent that it becomes the whole burden of her story; she has even let Hitler and Goebbels themselves appear as characters; but almost miraculously she avoids all rhetoric of accusation.

Not that there is any doubt as to which side Miss Wylie is on. But she has undoubtedly felt that any further presentation of horror material from the Hitler regime should be done in tracts and not in fiction. Her object has been, not to expose the human conditions now prevailing in the Germany that she knows so well, but to search their background and to reveal how they came about.

With this broad plan in mind she does not, however, go deeply into political or social history. A few individual characters

I. A. R. WYLIE
Drawing by Julie Brown

are her only tools: these voice, from their separate hearts, the aspirations and the defeats of modern Germany. They are symbols of post-war states of mind; but it is to Miss Wylie's credit as a creator that they come alive as credible human beings.

Orphaned, ignored, and starving, a gang of young Germans make camp in a deserted garrison church in a small southwestern city, going out from there on forays for food and bare essentials of living. In this *Bund der Wilden* the most desperate member is a youth who calls himself merely "The Wolf." Son of an officer killed in action, weaned in the terrible foodless days of war, and brought up on little else than neuroticism and frustration, he belongs to the disinherited. Miss Wylie draws him with sympathy, and lets us see his profound isolation from the Germany of the republic, and his sudden hysterical discovery of a savior—Hitler.

In the course of his house-breaking for things to eat, he comes upon a young girl and suffers the anguish of first love. He does not know that Franzle is the daughter of Dr. Roth, a staunch German liberal who has done his town great medical service. He does not know that this Dr. Roth is the center of a little group of liberal intellectuals and Jews—people who, as they hear the tramp of Hitler's storm-troops outside the door, huddle closer together in a final despairing hope for freedom.

The whole narrative—which is confined in time to the few months preceding and following Hitler's actual accession to power—revolves around these two young people, Wolf, whose dark, solitary brooding has now burst forth in a flaming passion against an "enemy" he cannot even identify, and Franzle, the embodiment of Gretchen, the *Ewig weibliche,* who gives Wolf the humanizing experience of love which in the end awakens him to faith in himself and relieves him of the bitter need of asserting himself through uniforms, commands, and persecutions.

Naturally a story built around such political opposites in a time of revolution would have physical violence and melodrama in it; but Miss Wylie handles her prison scenes, her mass meetings, her raids, her deaths, with a sure feeling for the human values involved, rather than merely for the mob spectacle. Her Dr. Roth, a pillar of humanitarian wisdom and authority even as a prisoner in a concentration camp, is a compelling figure. Her S. A. men and boys, now exerting their unbridled revenge for a youth lived under the stigma of Versailles, are rough-hewn tragic portraits. And if the story runs perhaps at almost too quick a pace, with a tendency to over-briefness and glibness of dialogue, it is still an authentic contribution to the social novel of our time. It may appear to have a passing journalistic quality, but its inner tones are human and enduring.

Lardner at His Best

FIRST AND LAST. By Ring Lardner. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THIS is a collection of humorous writings of Ring Lardner, projected before his death, and put into its present form by Mr. Gilbert Seldes. The pieces in this book, reprinted from various newspapers and other periodicals, include "The Young Immigrunts," his rambling write-ups of the Dempsey-Firpo fight and the America Cup Race, some of his radio criticisms, his blasting parodies of certain columnists, and a number of hilarious short pieces. The book is all nonfiction, and is all humor, as only Lardner could write humor.

Having thus given the necessary information, perhaps the truly wise reviewer would stop at once, for to write of Ring Lardner, even in appreciation, is like trying to find a few fresh remarks about Niagara Falls. But there are one or two things which strike one afresh in rereading a quantity of his humor, much of it intended to be ephemeral. One is struck by the solidity of his work, enabling such a parody as "The Young Immigrunts" to stand alone, like "Joseph Andrews," for the delight of those who know nothing of the original. And one is struck by the clarity and honesty of his mind which never allowed him, in his most popular work, to descend below his own level. It is a constant temptation for humorists like him to make a virtue of vulgarity and ignorance, even to flatter the mob by assuming prejudices they do not possess. Some of the very greatest have done so; Mark Twain himself did so; but Lardner never did. His gawkiness is always merely external; it sets off the brilliance of his mind like the rags of the acrobat's assistant who dazzled Huck Finn when he slipped out of them.

Similarly his misspellings are different in kind from those of all the depressing procession from Orpheus C. Kerr and Petroleum V. Nasby down to Mr. Will Rogers, who display illiteracy, as medieval jesters displayed idiocy, for the entertainment of a stupid court. Lardner's misspelling goes straight to the first book to use it for humorous effect, and very nearly the last to achieve any humorous effect with it, the great "Humphrey Clinker," where the spelling suggests insane and ridiculous puns. When Lardner speaks of the *Resolute* and the *Shamrock* as "the two slops," or when he speaks of "my father," in a traffic jam, "reciteing the 4 Horses of the Apoplex in a under tone," he is reviving the noble tradition of Tabitha Bramble and Winifred Jenkins.

But all comments on the ludicrous are apt to be ridiculous. This book contains none of the hate and pity for the human race on which the critics have so insisted in Lardner's other work; but it is one of the funniest books of our time. And one wonders if that is not the highest praise one can after all give to Lardner. There are plenty of authors to demand scorn or sympathy for mankind; there are very few who can write books that one cannot read aloud for overwhelming laughter, and Lardner was one of that small company. One of the first things one will ask for in heaven will be the books Lardner has written there.

Sharper Than a Serpent's Tooth

YEARS ARE SO LONG. By Josephine Lawrence. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MISS LAWRENCE'S tale of an aged couple who have fallen upon evil days strikes consternation to the soul. Can this be true? Can this tragedy of indigent old age arise among people who are neither monstrous nor wantonly cruel? So much Miss Lawrence makes us believe, though every filial instinct rises in revolt against the situation she presents. The heart faints away from the spectacle of parents in their declining years separated from each other, shunted about from child to child, unwelcome wherever for the time they are, and with nothing for the one that remains when death takes off the other but the alien hospitality of a home for the aged. Incredible? Yes, but a horrible uneasiness fills our mind lest here, there, and everywhere throughout America this tragedy is being enacted.

Not that the children of Barkley and Lucy Cooper were determined to sidestep their obligations. On the contrary, they were ready to fulfil them according to their lights, but their lights were those of a generation different from their parents', and there began the pathos of the old people's situation. For when old Mr. Cooper announced to his sons and daughters that he had lost his position and henceforth would have to depend upon them for the support of his wife and himself, it was with no sense of either humiliation or doubt. He had cared for them in their youth, and now in his time of trial it was both their duty and their privilege to provide for him and their mother as he in his turn had done for his own parents. Other times, other manners. The generation of his children no longer believed that they owed their elders a sacred debt for having brought them into the world. "Bunk! Not many of us are grateful for the privilege of living," said the mild Richard, and "No, Father," went on the more calculating George. "I can't see that we should be grateful. You apparently assume that we wished to be born, in order to be the subjects of this love and care you talk about. No child has ever asked to be born." "My good Lord, Dad," said Richard further, "you're a hundred years behind the times. Did you and Mother have five children for the sole purpose of providing yourselves with old-age insurance? Is that why you've never saved a cent—because you relied on us? One generation's duty isn't to the past; it's to the future. We're in debt to our children, not to you."

It is the measure of Miss Lawrence's success that she has been able to hold the balance true between the generations—that while she makes so poignant the logic of the parents she yet is able to rationalize the attitude of the children, and by that rationalization to make them plausible. Her book is stripped of all sentimentality, but full of an unspoken compassion. It is remarkably deft in the unfolding of its narrative, conveying the unquestioning reliance of the parents upon their children, their first incredulous reception of the unwillingness of the latter to provide for them as they had anticipated, and the situations precipitated in the different homes by their presence in convincing and skilful fashion. There is profound feeling in the book, but no hysteria. These sons and daughters, repellant as their attitude is, are not wholly vicious. Anita, for instance, honestly strives to treat her mother-in-law with consideration; Nellie lavishes real affection upon her; the sons are not without affection and sympathy for both parents. Because they are not all black, they are infinitely more convincing than if they had been portrayed as ruthless. True, feeling balks at believing that of five children none would have had profound enough love to have given shelter to their parents at whatsoever cost of inconvenience. And separating wife and husband seems an ultimate cruelty. Yet, despite these reservations, Miss Lawrence has had art enough to make her story in the main credible; and earnestness enough to make it heartrending. Whatever else this book is likely to do it is apt to stir up controversy. It is certain to move whoever reads it. We wish we could forget it, but we know we can't. Miss Lawrence has done too clean-cut and sincere a job, and written too effective a novel, for that.

Don Cossacks

(*Continued from first page*)

epic, music which clutches at the heartstrings like a Rimsky-Korsakoff symphony.

The story is not complicated. Drinking, fighting, mating. Men and women living close to nature surrounded by endless steppes, depending upon the soil for a living, the Don humming its endless melody in accompaniment to their existence, an ageless existence which for centuries remained the same. A sun-drenched landscape, a vigorous and vital people whose problems are of the simplest kind. And the narrative flows on like the Don, describing the Cossack life and customs, its interests and psychology, its joys and vicissitudes.

The author's manner and style denote a careful and experienced worker, a man familiar with writing. Yet, before reading his "Quiet Flows the Don" a few years ago (in Russian), I had not heard of him. It was pleasant reading, as unlike other Soviet books it contained no propaganda and was written in good Russian, and for the same reasons Sholokhov cannot be considered as a typical Soviet writer. The book is long and perhaps a trifle monotonous for those unacquainted with Russian life in general and Cossack existence in particular. The descriptions, however, are vivid and well balanced and do not slow down the narrative.

"And Quiet Flows the Don" is one of the best translations from Russian that I have ever come across. In its English version it keeps all the atmosphere, spontaneity, and color of the original.

DRAWING OF COSSACKS BY WILLIAM SIEGEL
From "Our Lenin" (International Publishers).

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A Manifesto Forty Years After

PROPERTY OR PEACE? By Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: Covici-Friede. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED E. ZIMMERN

MR. BRAILSFORD is distinguished amongst our political writers in Great Britain not only by his ability and the range of his knowledge but also by his scrupulous intellectual honesty. His latest book is a striking example of this shining quality. The events of the last three years have unsettled him, as they have unsettled most of us, so that he really does not know where he stands. In this state of perplexity he sat down to write a book in which to restate his political creed. But he is too honest to conceal his own hesitations and difficulties. Despite the skilful argument, leading up to a logically satisfactory conclusion, his doubts keep breaking in, interrupting the flow of his usually so confident pen. The result is a volume of unusual interest, although not quite of the kind anticipated either by the writer or by the reader. For, in the form of a political treatise, we are shown the mental processes of one of the sincerest minds in the British Labor Party after the impact of the domestic crisis of August, 1931 and of the international crisis which followed it.

Looked at in this light, the book can perhaps justify the publisher's description of it as "important and fundamental." Taken by itself, however, apart from this psychological background, it is curiously unconvincing. The strange meanderings of its argument would be surprising enough even if the case were presented with vigor and enthusiasm. But though, as always with Mr. Brailsford, the reasoning is close-knit and well sustained, there runs through his pages an undertone, not exactly of cynicism, but of world-weary resignation, the mood of the morning after a lost election, which turns the book almost into the opposite of what its argument should have made it—a Socialist Manifesto. It is in fact a sort of Socialist Manifesto forty years after.

The book opens, in a chapter called Harvest Home, with a disquisition on the well-worn theme of "poverty in the midst of plenty." We of the twentieth century have failed to "adjust our social system to the tremendous capacities of the machine." What is the remedy? *World-planning.*

Being an honest man, Mr. Brailsford when he says planning means planning. The Far Eastern question, for instance, means to him a "twenty year plan worked out in Geneva for the settlement of Japan's surplus population in various regions of Asia and the Pacific islands and shores." It means, also, "agreed quotas of cotton, rice, soya beans, iron, and oil assigned to Japan for her import of raw materials and foodstuffs" in exchange for "agreed minima of her silks and cotton cloth" taken by other states. And this, in its turn, as he has the courage to admit, means a central government for the world, "equipped with the executive authority and the legislative rights to plan and impose its solutions over its entire territory conceived as a unit. Anything less than this," he adds, "is an association to prevent war without removing its causes."

Thus Stage One of the argument brings us straight up to a World Federation.

A few paragraphs are devoted at this point to the demolition of the existing League of Nations. Its great defect is that it is not armed with the powers to deal with the world's economic problems. "These liberals of Versailles were politicians for whom economics hardly existed." Apart from the mistakes into which this led them in particular treaties, this "liberalism" caused them to construct the league on laissez-faire lines, as "an old-world police state, limited to the function of preserving order." But Mr. Brailsford is much too honest not to admit that, if the League really *were* a police-state, this would at least be so much to the good. Thus at a later stage of his argument he tells us that "the League is the outward embodiment of the will to strive, if no longer for collective security, at least for the avoidance of open brutal strife. If it can be used to stave off even one war, its existence is justified."

In the same way, he is candid enough to deny the belief, sedulously fostered in some quarters of the British Left, that the present economic crisis has made the end of the capitalistic system inevitable. "It may be," he admits, "that capitalistic civilization will stumble out of the present depression without undergoing or envisaging any fundamental change: it has indeed already passed the lowest point in the course of the cycle." If so, it may be asked, why is world-planning, with all its political implications, necessary to enable the world to emerge from the present economic crisis. The answer is that it is not *essential* for this purpose — one could "stumble out" without this world-revolution—but that socialist theory demands it. To be more specific, Mr. Brailsford, like many of his colleagues in the British Labor movement, is not just now in the mood to consider what they call "gradualist" remedies. So he harks back to the international socialist framework of forty years ago, with a few recent problems lightly sketched in.

But all the time he knows quite well that he is day-dreaming: so, having shown us the World Federation from a mountain top he abruptly changes the scene. The World Federation, he tells us, "is infinitely remote and eternally impossible, while we retain our present conceptions of sovereignty and power. It demands a revolution in our thinking."

Here, so one would expect, is Stage Two of the argument. Educate men for the twentieth century world. Enlarge their horizon. Teach them what interdependence means. Explain to them the duties resulting from their membership of "the world-community." Prepare them for citizenship in the World Federation.

If Mr. Brailsford were really convinced of his own doctrine, surely that is the strain in which he would be writing. That is the spirit in which the men of the eighteenth century set themselves to work to produce the Enlightenment which the world needed then, as it needs Enlargement today. If Mr. Brailsford really has something "important and fundamental" to tell us, surely his first business is to make us think.

But our author is tired. Like the Preacher, he has read many books. Also he has addressed many meetings. He has even written some books himself. What use are books and public meetings? What use, for the matter of that, are schools, universities, and even literary reviews? It is Things, not Ideas, that rule the world, says the disillusioned idealist. "Revolutions do not come about in men's habits of thought until there has happened a transformation of their economic life." With this glib formula of Marxian materialism, of which the author's own intellectual pilgrimage is a standing denial, we pass over Stage Two of the argument and are rushed into Stage Three.

Stage Three forms the subject of a chapter entitled Property, Empire and Power. It restates the theme already developed in "The War of Steel and Gold," written early in 1914, and in Mr. J. A. Hobson's "Imperialism." Indeed, Mr. Brailsford is rather handicapped at this point by the fact that he has taken over Mr. Hobson's underconsumption theory of thirty years ago and applied it to the existing situation without Mr. Hobson's expert equipment for doing so. Mr. Hobson's theory, long contested by most other economists, has lately become accepted as gospel by influential Labor Party writers. Mr. Hobson himself is less sweeping in his deductions than Mr. Brailsford, as readers of his Hogarth Press pamphlet ("From Capitalism to Socialism," 1932) will remember. Be that as it may, Mr. Brailsford proves to his own satisfaction that from about 1880 onwards the export of capital to overseas countries has been a main cause of the competition for power between the leading states of the world. "Ranged in competing national units, each jealous of its sovereignty, property must rely on military power, partly to hold down its subject populations, partly to guard its fenced areas of privilege." And out of this competition between rival and expanding economic empires came the war of 1914-18 and will inevitably come future wars so long as property, the enemy of society, is in the saddle.

This is not the place in which to analyze this facile theory which has probably more adherents in America, where men are prone to think in economic terms, than in Europe, where, after all, the war broke out. At bottom, it is based upon a confusion in the use of the word "economic" which at one moment is applied in its normal sense of a business operation and at the next in the sense of a political operation for which an economic instrument has, on this occasion, been employed. When Mr. Brailsford tells us that from about 1880 onwards the hitherto pacific Manchester School capitalist became a cause of war, what he really means is that from that date onwards governments discovered that they could use bankers, Stock Exchanges, trade concessions, and other economic agencies as instruments for their own purposes—that is, for purposes of power-politics. But to conclude from this that the resulting conflict was due to the property of capitalists rather than to the ambitions of governments and peoples is to blame an instrument for the will of him who wields it or, in the language of Aristotle, to confuse the material cause with the efficient cause. No doubt the confusion is widespread. As Dr. Stolper remarks in his recent article on the subject in *Foreign Affairs,* "the thesis that the origins of the World War were economic, despite its absurdity, still finds millions of adherents." But it is a pity that, with all the light that has now been shed on the motives that led up to 1914, Mr. Brailsford should still be writing as he does on this subject.

Moreover his argument involves him in a serious dilemma. At this point we reach Stage Four. What is to be done about property? Of course it must be dethroned. But how? By carrying the class struggle to victory in individual countries. A good socialist answer, worthy of the pioneer days of the movement. But how? Here Mr. Brailsford the socialist came up against Mr. Brailsford the liberal and inheritor of the British tradition of constitutionalism. Electoral victories are won by education and persuasion. But what hope is there of convincing the British electorate if "habits of thought" cannot be changed without a previous "transformation" of "economic life." So the temptation to discard constitutional methods and to resort to violence is strong. But liberalism, aided by prudence, wins the day. Mr. Brailsford reflects that "if money can buy opinion, much more easily can it buy arms." He therefore declares in favor of a reasoned appeal to the working class which, after all, forms the majority of the British electorate. In this he reflects the view of the responsible leaders of the Labor Party as against those of a small group of hot-heads.

Thus far Stage Four. With a Socialist government at length installed in power in Great Britain with an absolute majority, it is time once more to look abroad. How is the planned economy of our exporting island to be linked up with the rest of the world? The League of Nations "is there but it does not work." The World Federation is in the dim future. The only form of international organization acceptable to Mr. Brailsford is a league of "Socialist Republics."

What does this mean in practice? A close link with Russia, the only other socialist Great Power. It is at this point that Mr. Brailsford's honesty becomes most admirable. He does not like the Soviet system of government because it stifles liberty and justice. One of his own friends, he tells us, "a zealous and capable Soviet official," was tried in secret and shot for a not very serious offence of which Mr. Brailsford is convinced that he was innocent. But his theory will have it that only socialist states can be effectively international, so, however strange they may seem as yokefellows, the Russian and British systems must be brought together, across a Scandinavia that may possibly by that time be Socialist also, "to work for the cosmopolitan socialist federation."

SHADOW OVER EUROPE
From De Groene Amsterdammer

Will the United States of the New Deal be allowed to join this partnership? Politely but firmly Mr. Brailsford says No. Not until she accepts international socialism: and here Mr. Brailsford fears, the American tradition of sovereignty will continue to stand in the way. In France, Germany, Italy, and Japan the prospect is equally unfavorable. Thus, so far ahead as Mr. Brailsford the realist can see, the future of civilization depends upon collaboration between the (some day) victorious British working class and the rulers of the Kremlin. Thus ends Stage Five and last in the argument of this honest, wayward and (must we not say?) pathetic volume—pathetic both because of its obvious sincerity and because at the very moment when its plea for socialist internationalism was being prepared the rulers of Russia were planning to adopt the exactly opposite policy.

Mr. Stalin and Mr. Litvinoff are, of course, quite right. Social justice, whether conceived on bourgeois or on Marxian lines, can only be carried through and maintained in a community secure from outside attack; in other words, in a world provided with a constitutional framework to safeguard the rule of law. But it is at least equally necessary for social welfare that the rule of law should prevail within the state also. Mr. Brailsford's mistake is that he underestimates the difference—the important and fundamental difference—between the Western communities in which the rule of law has been securely established for generations, and communities like Russia and too many others, where Star Chamber methods seem natural or are at least tolerated and acquiesced in. What can international law mean to the rulers of states which are themselves, in the true sense, lawless? Nothing but passing convenience and Machiavellian reason of state. It is the failure to realize this that has driven Mr. Brailsford to the perverse conclusion that Great Britain should associate herself more closely with Russia than with the United States, not to speak of the British Dominions and the liberal countries of Western Europe.

Will not Mr. Brailsford the liberal take up his pen anew to show that the world's real need is coöperation in police-power—the despised laissez-faire police-power—between the liberty-loving peoples, who, happily, are and will remain the strong people? Few men could do it so well. For, try as he may, he remains before all things a lover of liberty.

* *

Alfred E. Zimmern is director of the Geneva School of International Relations.

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The BOWLING GREEN

RANDOM SPARROW

I SAW a random sparrow sit
Upon a clod a man had bought
The year before—and paid for it—
Complete with view and house and lot.
He sat and did not care a whit
Whether the angle-worm he bit
Was his or not.

And when he tired of worms he flew
To where a tramp beneath a tree
Lived out the hour carelessly
And saw through smoke the river view
The man had bought—and paid for too—
Complete with clod and worm and tree
And sky of blue.

Whatever is a man to do
To guard his rights of property?

EMILY OTIS.

Just as this magazine approaches the close of its first Decade, an exciting event happens in the Subscription Department. The rivalry between Michigan and Connecticut is as thrilling as that of Cunningham and Bonthron on the running track. For several years the Editor's Chosen State, the Wooden Nutmeg, held undisputed 8th place. Then Michigan crept ahead. Now, in a surprising spurt, Connecticut resumes her place. She is, at this moment, exactly 46 subscribers ahead of Michigan. B. O. (meaning Business Office) broods over these figures with eager eye. Will the Wolverine allow herself to be outstripped? Or will Connecticut ever catch New Jersey at number 7? The ranking of the first ten is: New York, California, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts (pressing hard for 3rd place), Illinois, Ohio, New Jersey, Connecticut, Michigan, Wisconsin.

Come on, Michigan! Pull away, Pennsylvania!

The academic news-item that we have never yet seen in the newspapers runs something like this:—

The classrooms at Nutrix University have been hard hit by graduation. At least four A men are lost from English 36 and Instructor Frogbones says the whole spearhead of his rhetoric attack is blunted. In the mathematics ensemble things are even worse: "Hypo" Gobboon, one of the greatest performers in calculus who ever faced a blackboard, leaves a wide-open gap, and the class in analytic functions dismayed the college by graduating en masse. A whole new unit will have to be built. In classics also many a shift will be necessary next season. Cat ("Catullus") Scansion, three-year veteran in Latin lyrics, is gone and replacements will be hard to find. The front row of the economics seminar is swept away, including Biceps Jorgensen, the big Swede who was a tower of strength in Commercial Paper. Similar foreboding is felt in Professor Purple's class in Advanced Composition. His outstanding performers with gerund and predicate have left the old campus and next fall's material does not look promising. The alumni are universally despondent.

I am grateful to several correspondents for information about Franz Kafka and his book *The Castle*, which is evidently available in a good many bookshops. One client wrote offering to swipe for the Green's benefit a copy of *The Castle* which he had given to a lady who thinks it "morbid." Mr. Angel Flores sends me a copy of the July issue of *The Literary World* which by happy coincidence prints a number of tributes to Kafka. This may be had from the office of the *Literary World*, 12 Mt. Morris Park West, N. Y. City (10 cents a copy, $1 a year). *The Literary World* quotes Thomas Mann:—

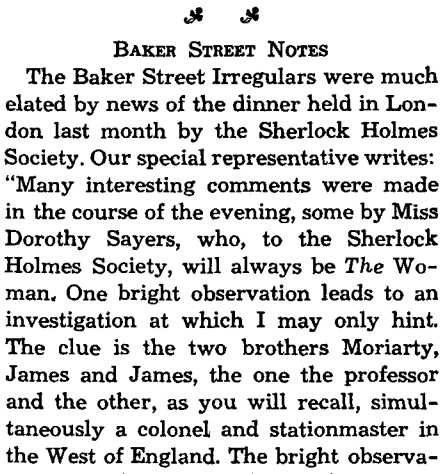
> The best books I have read lately? Unhesitatingly, certain things of the past few years come to mind, things whose effect upon me has been infinitely caressing. Franz Kafka's books for example,—unique structures assembled with sublime care, existing in another dimension, the short stories as well as those equivocally disturbing fantasies, *The Trial* and *The Castle*. Narratives with endless ramifications, suffused with dream-like humor, touched with disease, and yet conceived and executed with utter artistic integrity, they are the most inimitable and insinuating spiritual sustenance one can imagine.

BAKER STREET NOTES

The Baker Street Irregulars were much elated by news of the dinner held in London last month by the Sherlock Holmes Society. Our special representative writes: "Many interesting comments were made in the course of the evening, some by Miss Dorothy Sayers, who, to the Sherlock Holmes Society, will always be *The* Woman. One bright observation leads to an investigation at which I may only hint. The clue is the two brothers Moriarty, James and James, the one the professor and the other, as you will recall, simultaneously a colonel and stationmaster in the West of England. The bright observation was that this and no other is the Binomial Theorem which occupied the professor's ingenuity."

Speaking of Miss Dorothy Sayers, we hope that all Sherlockians will look up her extremely astute conjectures in the current issue of *The Colophon*, where she tackles the prodigious task of correcting the muddled dates in the case of *The Red Headed League*. But perhaps the most satisfying triumph of all Sherlockian scholarship is her paper in the forthcoming *Baker Street Studies* (to be published here under the imprint of the Irregulars). She proves conclusively, on irresistible evidence in the stories further fortified by details of university regulations, that Holmes studied at Cambridge; probably at Sidney Sussex College.

Reynard Biemiller has kindly redrawn for us the good old symbolic design on



the cover of the first American edition of *The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*. Perhaps it was used also on *The Adventures?* I don't remember.

READERS EXTRAORDINARY

(In the Bowling Green of November 18, 1933, Mr. John Holmes set an abstruse examination paper for any readers who cared to undertake it. I print here his report and answers to the questions.)

SIR:—Colleges have lately hung the bravely colored hoods that signify honorary degrees around the necks of eminent men and women. A small but earnest entering class, last winter, offered themselves as candidates for the degree of R. E. (Reader Extraordinary) of the S. R. L. By the authority vested in me by the Bowling Green, I hereby pronounce the following students *Readers Extraordinary*, with all the rights and privileges pertaining to that condition: Alfred H. Holt, Williamstown, Mass.; Mrs. Stephen B. Vernon, Doneraile, Reading, Pa.; Mrs. Sue R. Kraybill, Asbury Park, N. J.; Grace K. Neff, Cedar Falls, Iowa; Audrey Blackler, Back Harbour, Twillingate, Newfoundland; Rita V. Louis of New York City; and Homer Parsons of San Bernardino, Calif.

The three twelve-month extensions of subscription to the *Saturday Review*, offered by the Bowling Green for especially acute answers to the eighteen questions, are to go to Mr. Alfred Holt, Mrs. Sue R. Kraybill, and Mrs. Stephen B. Vernon.

The first question asked identification of *The Salad Bowl*, where C. D. M. used to offer brief clippings; of *"type lice,"* the destruction of type by these vermin being the subject of a joke played on W. R. B. by the men in the composing-room; of *Qwertyuiop*, which was a shirt-sleeves history of American publishing and writing; of *Mr. Moon*, which was a pseudonym used by W. R. B. in an irregular series of fanciful essays (the discontinuance of which is still to be deplored); of *Homer Parsons*, whose untiring endeavor frequently won him the prizes offered in the old Wits' Weekly contests; of *Boar and Shibboleth*, the title of an extraordinary poem by Edward Doro, first appearing in the S. R. L. and later in a book of that name; and of *W. A. Dwiggins*, famous book-designer, who was responsible for the first typographical layout of the S. R. L., for the pictures that adorn *Designed for Reading* and for much other first-class work.

The second question asked the origin of the *Amen Corner*, which is that corner of Paternoster Row in London where religious processions finished one chanted prayer and turned the corner, and is also the present location of the home office of the Oxford University Press, and is the name of a delightful advertising column appearing in the S. R. L.; of *Sir Kenelm Digby*, diplomat, courtier, author and literary critic of the seventeenth century, whose name appeared at the foot of the Literary Lobby column in the old Literary Review, and whose tasty recipes can be found in an essay in Morley's "Powder of Sympathy"; of the *Romany Stain*, which title (of a volume of essays) was taken from a wine-card found in France.

There were more than five long poems from which the S. R. L. printed excerpts, as asked for in the fourth question, and some of them are, Stephen Benét's *Invocation* from *John Brown's Body;* a scene, *All Hallow's Eve*, from Edna Millay's *The King's Henchman;* a part of Lola Ridge's *Firehead;* a series of excerpts from Leonard Bacon's *New Dunciad;* a part of Robert Bridges' *Testament of Beauty;* most of Morley's *Toulemonde;* part of Mark van Doren's *Jonathan Gentry;* and Christopher Ward's *Yankee Doodle Dandy.*

The fifth question wanted as books serialized in the S. R. L., first of all, Conrad's *Suspense*, and Morley's *Human Being.*

The name of the satirical poet asked for in the sixth question is *Leonard Bacon*, beyond any doubt, and yet the names of Lee Wilson Dodd and others were among those suggested.

For the names of the men who have at one time or another conducted the rare book department, as asked for in the seventh question, I refer again to Mr. Benét's historical account.

It was Doubleday, Page and Co. who printed the gallant black and white picture of a sailing ship in their first advertisement in Vol. 1, No. 1 of the S. R. L.

The next question required *Emily Dickinson* as the name of the poet who was the subject of the first letter to the editors in Vol. 1, No. 1.

Some departments no longer appearing in the magazine, as asked for in the tenth question, are: *Cursive and Discursive, Books in the News, A Balanced Ration, The Wits' Weekly, The Salad Bowl, On the Air, News from the States*, Pegasus Perplexing, Mr. Moon's Notebook, etc.

Boston made the first page of the S. R. L. (eleventh question) in the form of an essay by M. A. DeWolfe Howe, entitled "Boston from Within," on the occasion of the publication of "Fifty Years of Boston." The print of Louisburg Square accompanying this essay was offered in some

DOROTHY SAYERS

cases as the answer, and the review of Upton Sinclair's "Boston" in some others.

The twelfth question sought for the name of the untiring George Frisbee of San Francisco, whose vehement baiting of the university professors on the subject of the real authorship of Shakespeare's plays has helped give controversial flavor to the exciting Personals.

The thirteenth question asked for the identification of lines from various poems that have appeared in the S. R. L. The correct answers are as follows: *The Middletown Murder*, by Robert Frost; *Try Tropic for Your Balm*, by Genevieve Taggard; *Ominous House*, by William Rose Benét; *Glamour*, by Ted Robinson; *The Knight's Lady, Death, and the Devil*, by William Rose Benét; *The Quarrel*, by Conrad Aiken; *The Coroner's Going A-Maying*, by Christopher Morley; *Confession*, by Leonard Bacon; *The Tailor*, by Geoffrey Dearmer; *The New Doll's House*, by Humbert Wolfe. About half of these memorable poems are sadly missed by at least one reader from the ten-year anthology *Designed for Reading.*

On the occasion of the first appearance of Round About Parnassus, there was a picture of Carl Sandburg mounted on a hog, wearing a wreath, strumming a lyre and soaring above Chicago. This was the fourteenth question.

It was Richard Cunningham in the never-to-be-forgotten poem "Auto-da-Fe," by Paul Eaton Reeve, who lit a friendly gorgeous fire and burned up the MS. of King Lear as well as an arm of the true cross and the leg of a piano.

The last three answers are Stella Benson, Louis Untermeyer, and John Keats.

JOHN A. HOLMES.

The only compensation for hay fever is that one suffers in excellent company. In June 1835 Sydney Smith wrote to his son-in-law, who was a doctor:—

> I am suffering from my old complaint, the hay-fever (as it is called). My fear is of perishing by deliquescence—I melt away in nasal and lachrymal profluvia. My remedies are warm pediluvium, cathartics, topical application of a watery solution of opium to eyes, ears, and the interior of the nostrils. The membrane is so irritable, that light, dust, contradiction, an absurd remark, the sight of a dissenter—anything, sets me a sneezing, and if I begin sneezing at 12, I don't leave off till two o'clock—and am heard distinctly in Taunton when the wind sets that way, at a distance of six miles. Turn your mind to this little curse. If consumption is too powerful for physicians, at least they should not suffer themselves to be outwitted by such little upstart disorders as the hay-fever.
>
> I have ordered a Brass Knocker against you come and we have a case of chronic bronchitis next door—some advanced cases of dyspepsia not far off—and a considerable promise of acute rheumatism at no great distance—a neighboring squire has water forming on the chest, so that I hope things will be comfortable and your visit not unpleasant.

I quote this from Hesketh Pearson's *The Smith of Smiths*, which I alluded to before as one of this year's most agreeable readings, a storehouse of good talking and thinking.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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A Letter from France

By HAAKON CHEVALIER

AMONG the literary weeklies devoted to whetting the public appetite for books, there is first of all *Les Nouvelles Littéraires,* which has been running since 1921, which is the most exclusively literary, and which is a kind of general clearing house for books and authors and in which everybody of importance and in good repute writes appetizing articles about everybody else of importance and in good repute. In this estimable journal there is never a harsh word for any member of the confraternity, and of course precious little real criticism. There is, however, a great deal of valuable information. Then there is *Marianne,* launched less than a year ago, which issues from the same swanky modernist house on the little rue Sébastien-Bottin as the white-paper-covered books of Gallimard and the *Nouvelle Revue Française. Marianne* is owned by a number of rich writers (among whom André Maurois and Paul Morand) and their friends, and is the most entertaining and popular of these weekly bibliodisiacs (if I may be allowed the word). Besides there are *Candide,* which is in its tenth year, *Germinal, Gringoire* put out by the Editions de France, *Le Canard Enchaîné,* and many others, all of which have their merits and are extremely readable, but one of whose essential by-products seems to be to whip up publicity for the members of literary groups.

There are many signs that literature is about to return to a more fruitful intimacy with life. What has been so irritating about French novels in particular is that although they dealt, of necessity, with life, they so often deformed it beyond recognition and imposed upon it values and judgments that were purely literary and often highly artificial.

Two facts in particular strike one as one surveys the book-lists of French publishers: First, there are more foreign books published than ever before. This is so true that a number of French writers have begun to complain, and even subtly to discredit the foreign books that appear. Several publishers have told me that the reading public has shown definite signs of being fed up with the traditional French novels of adultery, first love, puberty, girls going wrong, sentimental studies of provincial life, or the glorification of the bourgeois family, and is avid for foreign material. One of the big publishing houses, Stock, now publishes practically nothing but translations, and Plon, Gallimard, Les Editions du Siècle, and a number of other publishers carry a large percentage of foreign books. English, Spanish, Italian, German, and Russian books appear in translation in all the displays, and American books are especially favored.

The other striking fact is that an increasing number of young writers are following in Zola's footsteps in a far-reaching criticism of French life. The narrow, stuffy, inert world of the bourgeoisie, both the upper and the petty, the hopeless squalor and economic oppression of the working class, the vicious, ingrown, unhealthy life of the dwellers of the countryside and provincial towns are being subjected to a searching examination by a number of writers who are brave enough to go against the cruel and insanely reactionary force of the "right thinkers"—*les bien pensants.* Roger Martin du Gard's "Vieille France" (Gallimard) and Marcel Aymé's uproarious satire, "La Jument Verte" (The Green Mare), are admirable examples. Jean Prévost, Eugène Dabit, André Chamson, and many others are working in this direction.

The somewhat gloomy picture I have drawn of the French literary scene must not be taken to mean that there are not many new books worth reading. On the contrary, there are scores of new books of high quality—entertaining, instructive, and beautifully executed. It is a source of constant amazement how well even a mediocre French writer can write. What one deplores is that among such a comparative wealth of excellent work there is so little that is really important, so little that has passion, deep insight, breadth, and wholeness.

The following books may be listed as outstanding:

Fiction: Henri Duvernois's "A L'Ombre d'une Femme" (Grasset), which won this year's Grand Prix de Littérature given by the French Academy; Colette's latest, "La Chatte" (Grasset), which is up to her usual high standard of penetrating analysis and sensitive writing; Ramon Fernandez's "Le Pari" (Gallimard), a distinguished first novel by the already established critic; Alphonse de Chateaubriant's "La Réponse du Seigneur" (Grasset), a further venture by the author of "La Brière" into the realm of mysticism; Eugène Dabit's "Faubourgs de Paris" (Gallimard), sketches of Paris workers' suburbs by the populist author; Maxence Van der Meersch's "Quand les Sirènes se Taisent" (Albin Michel), the story of a strike.

Janine May, the American writer, is having considerable success with her second novel, "Emeraudes" (Denoel & Steele); Robert Francis's "La Grange aux Trois Belles" (Rédier), the first volume of a long, abundant novel of peasant life; Philippe Hériat's "L'Araignée du Matin" (Denoel & Steele) whose "L'Innocent" and "La Main Tendue" received wide attention. René Behaine has brought out the ninth in a series of novels forming a vast picture of contemporary society. The general title is "Histoire d'une Société," and this last volume is "La Solitude et le Silence" (Grasset); Panait Istrati's "Bureau de Placement" (Rieder), the second volume in his semi-autobiographical series, "The Life of Adrien Zograffi"; Maurice Constantin-Weyer, whose novel "A Man Scans his Past" will be remembered, has brought out "Une Corde sur l'Abîme" (Rieder). Abel Hermant has a new novel out, "Le Fils des Incas" (Flammarion). "Men of Good Will," by Jules Romains, will run to twelve volumes, six of which have appeared. The book is being received here with interest but without enthusiasm. The consensus of critical opinion is that Romains has launched himself upon an impossible adventure.

Among first novels, the following have impressed me as being the most interesting: Jean Blanzat's "A Moi-même Ennemi" (Grasset); Charles Mauban's "Les Feux du Matin" (Grasset); Paul Nizan's "Antoine Bloyé" (Grasset); Pierre Marois's "Passé à Louer." (Calmann-Lévy.) Extraordinarily rich and substantial is Pierre Neyrac's "L'Indifférence Perdue" (Gallimard), which is just off the press, and which seems likely to take its place among the three or four best books of the year.

Non-Fiction. As almost everywhere else, books dealing with contemporary problems are more in evidence than books of fiction. The two absorbing topics in France today are America and fascist Germany. Russia is a close third, but as one editor quaintly put it to me: "Russia is already very much passé: it's in Germany and the United States that there is something really new and interesting." There are such books of clever though hasty journalism as Bernard Fay's "Roosevelt et Son Amérique" (Plon) and André Maurois's "Chantiers Américains" (Gallimard), which are on the whole sympathetic though one can read the authors' native distaste for America between the lines. A considerable faction of French thought, however, has witnessed America's so-called "downfall" with ill-concealed satisfaction—as witness Emmanuel Bourcier's "U. S. A. '33: L'Ecroulement Américain." Georges Duhamel recently declared that he would not kick America today (as he did a couple of years ago) now that she is down. The prevailing tone is one of slightly patronizing sympathy, as in Bertrand de Jouvenel's "La Crise du Capitalisme Américain" (Gallimard). Other outstanding books on world problems and affairs are: Andrée Viollis's "Shanghai, Destin de la Chine" and "Le Japon et Son Empire"; Lucien Petit's "Histoire Financière de la France depuis la Guerre"; Jules Duret's "Le Marxisme et les Crises" (Gallimard); Paul Albert's "L'Economie Dirigée" (Gallimard); Jules Claraz's "La Révolution Prochaine"; Otto Ruhle's "Karl Marx" (Grasset). Jean-Richard Bloch makes his bow to politics with "Offrande à la Politique," as does Jules Romains with "Problèmes Européens" (Flammarion).

Readers of Gertrude Stein's "Autobiography" should supplement it with Fernande (Picasso's Fernande) Olivier's "Picasso et Ses Amis" (Delamain et Boutelleau), and observe how much more this book by a non-writer tells about this whole group than Gertrude Stein's, whose subject is always herself. The fourth volume of André Gide's complete works which are in course of publication has now appeared, containing "L'Immoraliste" and the shorter works written between 1902 and 1906. A work of unusual interest will be "Le Tableau du XXe Siècle" (Denoel & Steele), a work in four volumes which will be an exposition of France's contribution in the fields of art, science, letters, and thought. The first volume, "The Arts," has appeared, and is the work of Pierre du Colombier and Roland Manuel.

Queen Elizabeth

A reminder of one of the season's finest books

By J. E. NEALE

To the encomiums of reviewers, scholars, and readers is added this statement, sent to J. E. Neale by Robert Hillyer, Pulitzer prize-winning poet: "Permit me to congratulate you on your excellent biography of Queen Elizabeth. For years my hobby has been the collection of books about her and I have practically everything from Nichols's *Progresses and Processions* down. Your study crowns the series . . . I earnestly hope that its success may be commensurate with its excellence."

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A SOLDIER in SCIENCE

The Autobiography of

BAILEY K. ASHFORD, M. D., *Col. U. S. Army*

AND PUBLISHED BY MORROW

Literature of the Air

SEAPLANE SOLO. By Francis Chichester. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN WILLIAMS ANDREWS

IT is not unreasonable to begin wondering about a literature of the air—something comparable to the literature of earth and ocean.

There are definite obstacles to such a literature. The shortness and intensity of all flights, the speed with which crises develop and pass, and the essential concentration of those in charge of the plane on the innumerable duties—vastly more complicated than those of an engineer on a fast train—are such as to eliminate almost entirely the presence of human emotions—certainly all emotions not connected with the flight itself. More than this, the air is a tenuous body; seemingly intangible, however much, in actual fact, it is an element as solid and tortured as the ocean, and the lay writer is utterly ignorant of the dangerous channels, reefs, and currents through which the crew must thread their way—and, hence, is entirely blind to what the airmen are thinking or doing.

It is not unnatural, therefore, that such writings as we have in which the airman's point of view is portrayed, should be the narratives of men whose job is flying, not writing, and who, in print, demonstrate conclusively the sine qua non of their success as flyers—an absorbed preoccupation with the mechanical details of their adventure; nor that these writings—with a few exceptions—should be entirely unsatisfactory, for any airplane flight—but particularly a hazardous flight over unknown territory—is distinctly a creative effort, and the style of the creator, as revealed in his preparations, and in the flight itself, is almost certain to be repeated, with characteristic touches, when the pilot, arrived at his destination, climbs down from his cock-pit, and rushes to the typewriter to tell the world about it.

This raises the question, then, whether it is possible to have a "literature" of the air? The answer is, of course, in the affirmative, and it is the search for signs in this direction that makes the appearance of each new book on flying a disappointing or encouraging adventure.

It is not to be claimed that the recent book, "Seaplane Solo," by Francis Chichester, is in the class with, or even close to the class of "Night Flight," a prose poem of the air, for the author is a flyer whose profession is not that of a writer. Nevertheless, "Seaplane Solo" is more than usually interesting—quite apart from the fact that it is an excellent story, in the main excellently told.

The "Moth aeroplane," Elija, transformed, after 33,000 miles as a land plane, into a yawing and vastly less efficient seaplane, flew from Auckland, New Zealand, to Australia, via two incredibly minute islands, Norfolk and Lord Howe's, covering nearly two thousand miles of treacherous water, the Tasman Sea. The plane was pounded to a state of jittering inanity in the take-off on the rough swells of Norfolk; was wrecked completely at Lord Howe's; was rebuilt with the help of island artisans; and finally landed, not quite in pieces, near some Australian warships to the west of Sidney. Mr. Chichester, who had undertaken the dangerous and companionless flight from Croydon to Australia, *after only four months of flying,* survived—it is hard to say exactly why.

It was distinctly not one of those flights, typified by the Lindbergh, Byrd, or Kingsford-Smith epics, where the perfection of the preparation was excelled only by the perfection of the execution. The take-offs were desperately forced; the plane was a make-shift; the navigation was an untried experiment, depending on the accurate use of the sextant, almost impossible when joined to the flying of an unstable plane; and the margins of safety were reduced to an absurdity.

It was from first to last fabulous and fantastic—as Mr. Chichester admits. That he ever arrived is a tribute to his native qualities as an airman—not to his rational qualities. Assuming that he has not drawn too much on his imagination—of which he has a considerable quantity—his reactions of fear and elation are interesting and probably typical of what actually goes on under an inarticulate surface. His descriptions of the air above him and the water beneath, of the islands and of the plane itself, are more vivid than anything this writer has discovered in flying narratives. He has a self-consciousness of writing and a quality of facetiousness which are, in their momentary appearance, definitely annoying. But when these are forgotten by him in the stress of his story, the writing is powerful and fairly clean.

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The New Books

Drama

STEVEDORE. By Paul Peters and George Sklar. Covici-Friede. 1934. $1.50.

JIG SAW. By Dawn Powell. Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.

YELLOW JACK. By Sidney Howard and Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace. 1934. $2.

It has often been remarked that Negroes make the best actors we have. Many a weak or absurd play has been made into a passable evening's entertainment by the acting of Negroes. But "Stevedore," by Messrs. Peters and Sklar, is the first play we have seen in which the beneficent influence of the Negroes has reached the writing itself. The authors seem to have been thinking, while writing their dialogue, how Negroes would act it—for some of their directness, credulity, and simplicity has warmed the lines written for them. As for the play, which tells the story of a dispute between Negro stevedores and their bosses in New Orleans, and the race riot which develops out of it by way of the usual perjured white girl—it is only another one of those "proletarian" or "socially conscious" or "propaganda" plays. The first scene sets the tone: a loud and meaningless and violent squabble between the white girl and her lover. Then we go on to union men with hearts of gold, and scabs who are nothing but bullies and cowards, and bosses that give punches in the jaw: a Boy Scout parable, in a word, which would make the most sanctimonious Victorian moralist look like a Maupassant by comparison. But the Negroes remain fairly human throughout. They do not fit into these simple legends. Is it because they lack our pale-face hypocrisy? Or are they simply too relaxed to catch our abstract rages?

Miss Dawn Powell's "Jig Saw" is a play about the penthouse-dwelling whites, who are neither hypocrites, nor sectarian crusaders, nor even bosses: all that's the matter with them, as they frequently tell us and each other, is that they are utterly futile and unreal. The unimportant plot is based on the return of a schoolgirl to her divorced mother's household, where she finds a complicated but unstable system of love affairs flourishing. She picks out the man she likes best (who happens to be the one her mother intended for her next lover) and marries him. We have no quarrel with Miss Powell for writing about these mayflies, but she might at least make her play more interesting than the mayflies themselves. "Serena Blandish," which had a brief run on Broadway a few years ago, exhibited a similar set of people, but subtly distorted, as though they had been viewed from an odd angle or under a peculiar light. The pleasure and amusement lay in the clever distortion, which gave one a perspective on the people and so freed one from their actual vulgarities. But Miss Powell serves hers up to us just as they are. Even their wisecracks are no better than what you hear. Reading her play is like sitting through a long cocktail party cold sober.

What *would* you write about, if you were a dramatist? Something to hold a Broadway audience for a couple of hours, it must be; something a little new for a change, people are tired of sex; yet something obvious enough to penetrate brains fed on publishers' money-makers. Mr. Sidney Howard had the bright idea of staging a chapter from "Microbe-Hunters," the one about Yellow Fever, or "Yellow Jack." It seemed to have a theme of the proper gravity, man's battle with disease; the word science, especially when applied science is understood, is still capable of preparing us to receive solemnities. Men in white coats are only a bit less thrilling than men in khaki coats; and the war atmosphere is there too; brief and pregnant sentences, stiffs, stiff upper lips, and good shrewd masculine comedy without malice, based on the fact that the Irish and the Jews are soldiers together in Uncle Sam's army. Mr. Howard thought it would be a good idea to make such a play, and he did, and "Yellow Jack" is it.

F. F.

Fiction

A LAW UNTO THEMSELVES. By Loveday Prior. Little, Brown. 1934. $2.50.

It is a safe bet that any novel that does not stem directly from its author's own times, his race, and the genius of his language, will be no more than a show of strength, a literary exercise whose intrinsic merits will rise less from its creator's profundity as an artist than from his dexterity as a craftsman. Even the great have failed to breathe life into the past (Flaubert's "Salammbô" and "The Temptation of Saint Anthony" come to mind), and their efforts in that direction have remained pleasant diversions; their scholarship and sensitivity have succeeded, at the most, in evoking an authentic atmosphere entertaining for its remoteness from our own times, for its air of verisimilitude.

Miss Prior has done a fine job of reconstruction; her period, the thirteenth century; her people, the feudal barons of Austria. The least that can be asked of an author embarked on such a task is that his researches fuse with his method and his exposition, that they do not obtrude upon the reader. These difficult adjustments Miss Prior has made. Out of her pages rises a picture of the Middle Ages such as it might well have been; the stern brutality of its men, the routine of their plundering lives, the bitter physical subjection of their women. We learn what these people ate, how their castles were appointed, how their minds worked, what were the codes by which they lived their lives. Entertainment is provided in full measure through the abundance of factual detail, fascinating in itself. Into the bargain, the author has a pleasant tale to tell, and if she tells it in the terms of her elected period, in the rhythms and with the phraseology of those times, she is quite within her rights, and the narrative gains heightened "truth to life" through such a method. The tale she tells is too involved for condensation in a review; it winds its way through a long book, at times moving in its intensity, at times dull through a sort of dilution—the necessity to skip years or pass lightly over bare details. But it is generally interesting, always readable, occasionally exciting. Though gowned as carefully as she has been able to dress them, the Count Ludwig of Feilmar, his two wives, his son Adalbert, the degenerate; his daughter Luise, the clever; her husband, the beast Wolfgang von Maienburg—none rises from the status of fictional characters, nor do their schemes and machinations, their aspirations and ambitions for power, for wealth, for ascendancy over each other, carry more conviction than the events of

(*Continued on next page*)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
CANDIDATE FOR LILIES *Roger East* (Knopf: $2.)	When rich English eccentric summons heirs to announce whimsical change of will, a bullet has the last word.	Competent writing; not much suspense; ineffectual professional, and not too brilliant amateur, sleuthing.	Fair
THE RUSE OF THE VANISHED WOMEN *Val Gielgud* (Crime Club: $2.)	London bachelor and girl-friend stumble into mysterious midnight adventures in Suffolk that give Scotland Yard anxious hours.	Co-author of "London Calling" gets off to fast start but finishes lamely in white-slave (?) story with surprise twist.	Disappointing
THE HOBGOBLIN MURDER *Kay Cleaver Strahan* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Wealthy, tyrannical old maid recluse murdered during Coast visit of poor relations. Lynn MacDonald, female sleuth, stumbles on solution.	Incredible situation, pretty sticky in certain aspects, produces faint nausea, but one does read on to end which flouts intelligence.	Thin

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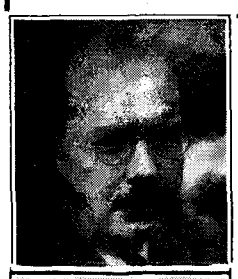

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Double-Crostics: Number 15

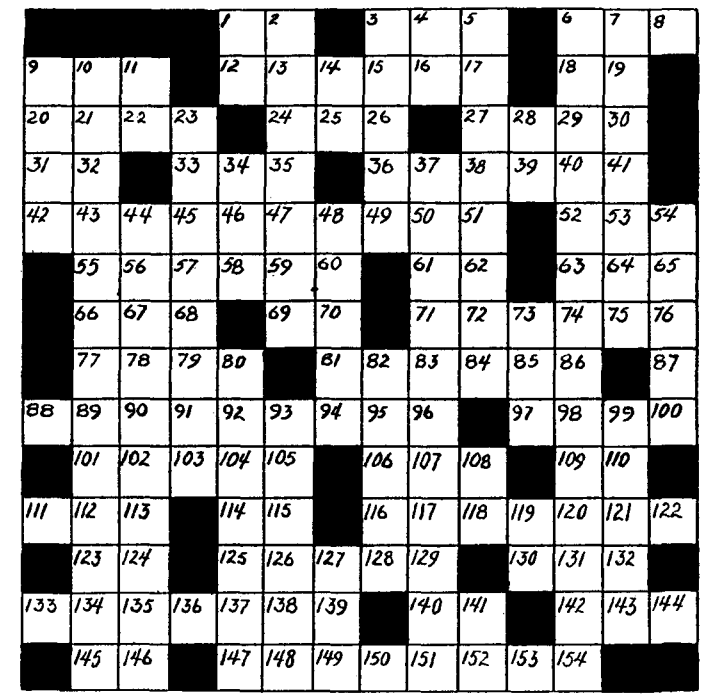
By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
I. 95-151-43-76. Unsubstantial, delicate.	— — — —
II. 25-5-59-135-40-148-121. Beginning again.	— — — — — — —
III. 113-35-149-51-98-77. Appointed meeting places.	— — — — — —
IV. 21-24-49-147-58-104-136-15. Impediment, disadvantage.	— — — — — — — —
V. 93-146-73-22-56-50-112-84. Weaker of two contestants.	— — — — — — — —
VI. 82-72-64. Famous victim of sleeping sickness (first name).	— — —
VII. 7-31-60-152-16-26-41. Disputes over trifles.	— — — — — — —
VIII. 47-27-88-143-124-103-133. Formless, confused.	— — — — — — —
IX. 134-39-86. Prominent citizen of Sodom.	— — —
X. 78-91-37-139. Unctuous, oleaginous.	— — — —
XI. 67-6-109-87-126-107. Book by Sir Thomas More.	— — — — — —
XII. 127-110-83-20-144-65. Granular; courageous.	— — — — — —
XIII. 105-62-114-142-66-130. To associate familiarly.	— — — — — —
XIV. 11-115-74-18-70-30-150-23. In a dignified manner.	— — — — — — — —
XV. 131-111-8-52-2-100-71-94-17. Without variation.	— — — — — — — — —
XVI. 38-44-1-85-33-118. Descent from sublime to ridiculous.	— — — — — —
XVII. 106-119-68-128-89-53-141. Persian god of light.	— — — — — — —
XVIII. 13-125-42-4-137-116-140-36-101-3. Conferences.	— — — — — — — — — —
XIX. 154-102-48-9. Immediately thereafter.	— — — —
XX. 19-132-145-10-79-123-46. Marks of infamy or disgrace.	— — — — — — —
XXI. 34-96-81-75-45-122. Courteous, affable.	— — — — — —
XXII. 120-99-129-92-153. Quantity produced at one time.	— — — — —
XXIII. 14-108-54-90-138-28. Shrub used in victory wreaths.	— — — — — —
XXIV. 117-63-97-57. Scene of Blucher's victory, 1813.	— — — —
XXV. 61-69-55-32-80-29-12. Loose-hanging rags.	— — — — — — —



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC
(NUMBER 14)

EDMUND WALLER—"GO LOVELY ROSE"

Go lovely rose . . .
Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide
Thou must have uncommended died.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a clever fairy tale. As such, Miss Prior's novel is a success; as a reconstruction of the life of other times, it bears conviction; it could not hope for more.

A. C. B.

International

MODERN RUSSIA. As Seen by an Englishwoman. By Cicely Hamilton. Dutton. 1934. $2.75.

Miss Hamilton is a wide-awake Englishwoman, who has had a varied experience as journalist, actress, successful playwright, and more recently as the author of several serious travel books. If her Russian impressions are not startling in their novelty, they are pleasantly unpretentious, honest, intelligent, and marked by common sense.

Prefacing her story with the observation that Soviet Russia is viewed emotionally by myriads of distant observers, who see it as a symbol of heaven, on the one hand, and on the other, of horror, she makes every endeavor to see things as they are and to turn in an objective report. Granting what the Bolsheviks would doubtless describe as the "hopelessly bourgeois bias" implied in such concluding observations as "you cannot plan art in Government departments, you cannot plan love, and you cannot plan the grace of God," she succeeds admirably.

She discusses children, marriage, birth-control, and kindred subjects with the background of one who has already studied and lectured on feminist topics in her own country, and she is quietly amused here, as elsewhere, by the common assumption of Soviet Russians that much that already passes as a matter of course in the civilized West is their own private discovery. There is a similar note of gentle irony in some of her references to unemployment. Everybody has been told, of course, that there is no such thing in Soviet Russia, and when Miss Hamilton pointed out the frequent beggars and worse that she encountered in the streets and about railway stations, her Intourist guide was surprised and hurt.

"You're the only tourist," the latter exclaimed, "who has ever said we had people out of work. All my English and American tourists say we have no unemployed." She noticed and was shocked, as the English are likely to be, by the half-starved horses, but her guide was again offended when she mentioned the fact. "We have beautiful horses in Russia," retorted the guide. "Every one knows we have beautiful horses. But there's a reason why they're not getting enough food now. The *kulaks* are hiding fodder to spite us—burning it in holes in the ground. Every one knows that."

Miss Hamilton talks of theatres, of the Russian Riviera (Crimea), of the revolt against religion, of trains and journeys, of the Five Year Plan, and various other matters. All her reporting of actual conditions is backed up by what appears to be a rather thorough reading into Russia's past.

Travel

ATTENDING MARVELS. By George Gaylord Simpson. Macmillan. 1934. $3.

Mr. Simpson went down to Patagonia as a member of the Scarritt Expedition to dig fossil bones for the American Museum of Natural History. The purely scientific results of that expedition have been, or will be, chronicled elsewhere. Being interested as well in the "attending marvels"—live beasts and humans, food, lodging, climate, and what not — Mr. Simpson has been moved to set down his diary-like observations in a longish, honest, and comfortably entertaining if not wildly exciting book.

Patagonia is a hard, bleak, dour land, with "wind, cold, drought, pebbles where soil should be and thorn bushes for grass." The digging, camping, and trekking about took place in the neighborhood of 45 degrees South Latitude, the South Temperate equivalent of Montreal, but a very different scene and climate. The wind blows furiously and practically all the time—such a lambasting of flora and fauna as we know nothing about in our part of the world. Sand pelted the tents and sifted into the food. Mr. Simpson tells of descending a hillside, where normally one would expect more or less to cling to the surface, with his body leaning forward into space at an incredible angle—actually leaning on the wind! And the wind was so terrific and so sustained that you could safely assume such a posture and depend on the gale to hold you up.

It is treeless sheep-country, where not empty of humans altogether, and all but a few of the sheepmen, in some of the more favored portions, live a grubby, hand-to-mouth existence, just above the subsistence level, and often scarcely that. Money was made, as in many other parts of the world, during the abnormal conditions produced by the Great War, but it was quickly spent, and in general the country seems destined to remain more or less permanently desert.

It might, therefore, have been "created expressly for poor, misshapen, muddle-headed beasts." The *guanaco* is the commonest of these—a sort of inferior *llama*, to the unscientific eye, with "a head like that of a hornless deer, long ears like a mule, a neck that tries but fails to reach the giraffe standard, a scrawny, shapeless body, and gangling legs like those of a young colt." They aren't domesticated, as a rule, but are hunted, especially when young, for their hides. A Patagonia without *guanacos* would be, Mr. Simpson thinks, "dismal indeed, unthinkable."

The difficulties, delicacies, and excitements of fossil-hunting—for which Patagonia is famous among all scientists interested in this branch of research—are touched on constantly both in text and picture, but as already remarked, the author reserves the scientific side of the expedition for a more informed audience. There are glimpses, sometimes amusing, of the hard-bitten humans, including Boer colonists, who are sprinkled over this desolate region, and similarly hard-bitten Fords. One pleasant aspect of the narrative is the absence of nature or other faking.

A. R.

Latest Books Received

BELLES LETTRES

S. T. Coleridge's Treatise on Method. Ed. A. D. Snyder. London: Constable.

BIOGRAPHY

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A Short History of Psychology. W. S. Hulin. Holt. *Psychology.* R. S. Woodworth. Holt. *Homemaking Education in the High School.* M. Williamson and M. S. Lyle. Appleton.

INTERNATIONAL

Russian Diplomacy and the Opening of the Eastern Question in 1838 and 1839. P. E. Mosely. Harvard Univ. Pr.

JUVENILE

The Japanese Garden. M. Knight. Dutton. $2. *The Stray Child.* R. Joyce. Dutton. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

Papers on Public Credit, Commerce and Finance. A. Hamilton. Ed. S. McKee, Jr. Columbia Univ. Pr. $3. *That Heart of Yours.* S. C. Smith. Lippincott. $2. *Individual Differences.* F. S. Freeman. Holt.

PAMPHLETS

Memories of Lincoln. T. D. Jones. New York: Pioneers Press. $1. *For Legalized Birth Control.* New Republic. 25 cents. *Pragmatism and the Crisis of Democracy.* C. W. Morris. Univ. of Chicago Pr. 25 cents.

POETRY

A Sword Unearthed. M. Loftus. Oxford: Shakespeare Head.

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Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN

"MIST in May and heat in June" may "make the harvest richt sune," as the old Scottish proverb runs, but they don't add to the sum of human happiness at the moment. Here we sit between the devil and the deep sea—that is between the breeze and the blazing sunshine—and profound lethargy sprung of the debilitating weather envelops us. We would we were in a spot in the White Mountains we recall with fond remembrance where the lazy smoke from the engine breasting the summit of Mt. Washington puffs out against the blue sky, and hill and valley roll away in an entrancing panorama of blues and greens, or in an aromatic nook of the Adirondacks where the waters tumble over sheer cliff to slip through the stretch of woodland that always reminds us of "As You Like It," or, best of all, in the fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies where the glaciers of British Columbia pour their green streams through majestic forest. The mere thought of that loveliness stiffens our fainting spirit, so to our business.

Ever since we can remember having any intelligent interest in American history, we remember hearing the comments of our elders to whom he was a living personage and not a storied character on that brilliant figure of the Confederacy, first its Attorney General and later its Secretary of War, Judah P. Benjamin. We knew he had made a great name for himself in the North as well as the South, and that when after Johnston's surrender he escaped to England he had repeated his success as a lawyer in Great Britain. But now that we've tried to find out more about him for a correspondent we've discovered how inadequately we realized his abilities and achievements.

We looked him up for M. A. of Brooklyn, N. Y., *who flattered us first by referring to us as a "Delphic Oracle" (ah! that's another place we'd love to be, there on the slopes of Parnassus where the Castalian Spring tumbles from out the rocks far below the spot where the Oracle spoke), and then asked "I wonder if you can refer me to a list of books dealing with the background, life, career, and demise of Judah Benjamin. . . .*

We found one, and only one, book on Benjamin, that by Pierce Butler (Macrae-Smith) and were confirmed in our conjecture that no other was to be had by the article in THE DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY (Scribners) which stated that it was the solitary biography of its subject, and added, "good but partisan." This article in the DICTIONARY, by Nathaniel Wright Stephenson and H. W. Howard Knott, is itself the best source to which M. A. can go for information, embodying as it does the results of the most recent research. For general background, of course, he can refer to any of the histories of the Confederacy or of the Civil War, all of which contain matter on Benjamin. Also, there is an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for March, 1898, by Charles Pollock, under whose auspices Judah Benjamin began his career as an English barrister, and another by Gustavus H. Wald in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June 1928. All encyclopaedias of size of course contain biographies of him. Benjamin, incidentally, which we had forgotten if we ever knew, was leading counsel for the Tichborne claimant. And, so we discovered from the DICTIONARY, so attractive was he even as a young man that when he appeared in New Orleans, a poor youth seeking to eke out his living by giving lessons in English, one wealthy resident refused to allow his daughter to become his pupil lest she fall in love with him and he actually did marry another. Having got into Jefferson Davis's black books to the extend of being challenged to a duel by the latter, after that was called off he became one of his closest friends. But we've fallen under the spell of his personality ourself and written far more on him than our space warrants.

ON HERALDRY AND OTHER TOPICS

C. A. M., Hollywood, Calif., *wants a book on history, geography, or heraldry, profusely illustrated.*

Here's one of each from which he can make choice of the volume he desires: PICTURE BOOK OF BRITISH HISTORY (Macmillan: 2 vols.), by S. C. Roberts; THE WORLD IN PICTURES (Macmillan), by C. von Wyss, and COMPLETE GUIDE TO HERALDRY (Nelson), by A. C. Fox-Davies. This last has 800 illustrations. That's what we call meeting C. A. M.'s demand for a work "profusely illustrated." And in case he'd like a history of America instead of Great Britain he can try James Truslow Adams's HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES (Scribners).

THE HUDSON RIVER

"On a literary club program for next winter," writes C. S. L. of Davidson, N. C., *"I have been assigned the subject, The Hudson River. . . . I am interested in the literature phase of the subject and would be greatly indebted if you would give me some idea of how to treat the topic, and if you could furnish me with a bibliography."*

There are two ways, it seems to us, in which the subject can be attacked, first from the point of view of the Hudson in romance, and second from that of the historic and descriptive material upon it. So far as the first is concerned, to say Hudson is to have Washington Irving's name spring to mind. His stories of Rip Van Winkle, of Ichabod Crane, and many another tale are all laid in the Hudson River districts, even though they may be as far distant from the majestic stream as the Catskills which look down upon them from inland.

A recent work of fiction that should be of much interest to C. S. L. is Edith Wharton's HUDSON RIVER BRACKETED (Appleton), and an earlier one she might look into is ANTONIA (Page), by Jessie Belden, a tale of colonial New York and Dutch colonists in the Hudson River districts. Cooper does not lay any of his plots in the Hudson Valley itself, though several of them play in the near distance from it. But he has a description, in THE PIONEERS if we remember aright, where Leatherstocking is represented as looking from a height (probably from the spot where the Mountain House in the Catskills stands) on the world spread out below him like a map, with the lordly Hudson flowing through the lowland. Stevenson's THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE, startling as it may seem at first blush since it opens on the Solway shore, has scenes laid in New York and along the Hudson.

So much for fiction. For description C. S. L. can turn to E. M. Bacon's HUDSON RIVER FROM OCEAN TO SOURCE (Putnams), C. Johnson's PICTURESQUE HUDSON (Macmillan), and a book issued by Scribners entitled TOUR OF FOUR GREAT RIVERS; THE HUDSON, MOHAWK, SUSQUEHANNA, AND DELAWARE IN 1769. Then, for another phase of Hudson River history there's H. D. Eberlein's MANORS AND HISTORIC HOMES OF THE HUDSON VALLEY (Lippincott), and for its early exploration Llewelyn Powys's HENRY HUDSON (Harper).

OCCULT FICTION

P. K. of Washington, D. C., *asks "Where can be found an outline bibliographical guide to fiction, novel length in particular, of the psychic and the occult?"*

In A GUIDE TO THE BEST FICTION (Macmillan), edited by Ernest A. Baker and James Packman. P. K. should look under the titles, Magic, Spiritualism, Supernatural, etc.

WITH GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We hand on some excellent information that has been sent in to supplement what we supplied on Mexico recently. First, we failed to state that for five cents each a large number of brochures on Latin-American countries (including several on Mexico) are to be had from the Pan-American Union, Washington, D. C. Miss Heloise Brainerd, chief of the Division of Intellectual Coöperation of that organization, writes us that in addition to this inexpensive material the Union furnishes inquirers with sources of other material. Second, the Committee for Cultural Relations in Latin-America has sent us an excellent list of books on Mexico from which if further titles are desired we can draw a number we failed to enumerate before. As a matter of fact we meant then to mention and are glad now to repair our omission of two books we forgot in the hurry of our writing—Ernest Gruening's MEXICO AND ITS HERITAGE (Appleton-Century), the best book in the field, and Anita Brenner's YOUR MEXICAN HOLIDAY (Putnam), an illustrated guide that has the advantage of being written in most readable manner. Better late than never!

PERSONALS

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NEED CLEVER CARTOONIST of college life, pretty girls; correspondence, samples. Mention salary. Box 832.

LETTER FROM A BOOK-COLLECTOR: "Congratulations upon your new, commonsense venture in publishing, as expressed in the charmingly printed little prospectus recently received." *This Prospectus of two-dollar limited editions can be had for the asking from Peter Pauper Press, New Rochelle, N. Y.*

HOW'S for a fortyish man who retains two or three scruples (old-fashioned ones), giving companionship to woman in N. Y. area who can follow dancing, book discussion, psychology or movies? "Interested."

VISITING THE FAIR? Rooms $1, $1.50 for two in a room. Children accommodated. Advance reservations. Mackensen, 5755 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

BACHELOR PHYSICIAN, 35, Jewish, would like to correspond with Jewish girl. Is interested in: music, painting, drama, books, sports,—talks a grand game of golf. Box 834.

ADULT PIANO INSTRUCTION. $1 per lesson at your home (New York City). Beginners, intermediate, advanced. Box 831.

HUGH STOCKDELL, 2022 Park Avenue, Richmond, Va., just graduated from Richmond University, desires tutoring for summer or longer. Best references.

BORED INTELLECTUAL (male) seeks to discover congenial persons in Kansas City or Chicago areas who might be interested in exchange of ideas. Widely read in modern literature, sociology, Freudian psychology, etc. Backgrounds of New York and Paris. Box 835.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A WRITER whose books I like, namely one who has the same initials as mine, *W. R. Burnett*, has been presented with a certificate of honorable mention by the Commonwealth Club of California, for his novel, "Dark Hazard." I saw the moving picture they made of "Dark Hazard," and didn't think it was anywhere near as good as the book. Mr. Burnett's new novel, "Goodbye to the Past," is scheduled for publication by Harper & Brothers early in September. . . . Up in the New Hampshire mountains where I now sojourn, I have run into a poet who now lives in Milwaukee, one *Herbert Bruncken*. Mr. Bruncken used to edit *The Minaret*, along with *Shaemas O'Sheel*, in Washington, D. C. The other night I heard Bruncken read some of his poems. They were surprisingly good. I believe his book is seeking a publisher. Any publisher that wouldn't grab it is considerably less than judicious! . . . The University of Colorado has conferred the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters on the *Saturday Review's* old pal, the English poet, *Edward Davison*. Mr. Davison will be Special Lecturer at the School for Creative Writing, Mills College, Oakland, California, and in between lectures will speak at the University of California and Leland Stanford. Then he returns to the University of Colorado to open the School of Creative Writing. Mr. Davison will be remembered by all readers of the *Saturday Review* for his department, *"The Wits' Weekly,"* which ran regularly in this periodical several years ago. . . . Out of the blue comes the following:

PRINCETON BULLETIN

Dr. Robert Kilburn Root,
Princeton Prof., will institute
Course in English undefiled.
Careless usage drives him wild.
Slipshod students, please to pause—
Don't use "due to" for "because!"
"Verbal," "oral," raise a fuss
If they're made synonymous!
Dangling participles shift
So they dangle not adrift!
Split infinitives eschew—
Please regard them as tabu!
Babe Root Rootz.

A new small publication desires to have its existence mentioned. It is *The Lion and Unicorn*, edited by *Kenneth Seeman Giniger, Jess H. Claude*, and *Jerome Francis*, which will appear early in the fall, and requests short stories, poetry, and articles on literary subjects. Manuscripts should be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope and should be addressed to *The Lion and Unicorn*, 41 West 83rd Street, New York City. I know nothing more about this small publication, or whether they pay for contributions. Presumably not. . . . Published bi-monthly at 327 West 108th Street, this city, is *Spirit: A Magazine of Verse*, whose editor-in-chief is *John Gilland Brunini*. (All manuscripts should be sent to the Editor at 4622 Grand Central Terminal, City.) This attractive small periodical is published under the auspices of the Catholic Poetry Society of America. Its first issue was this March, and already it can number among its contributors such excellent Catholic poets as *Theodore Maynard, Katherine Brégy, Grace Fallow Norton*, and *Glenn Ward Dressbach*. . . . Most writers, upon their first acceptance, have felt somewhat as *Hans Christian Andersen* did when, as *Kenneth Slade Alling* reminds me, "as a youngster he saw his name in print for the first time, and was so excited that he rushed into the park and hugged and kissed a beech tree." Mr. Alling was moved, upon reading of the incident, to the following verses:

He saw; he saw his name
In print; his name that burned
Into his brain like flame,
Like fire that fiercely came
And went, and then returned.

He danced into the park
And hugged and kissed a tree;
The beech's silver bark
That shared there in the dark
His first infinity.

The Landmark Press, 11 West 42nd Street, this city, has sent me its first book, a reprint of a work originally published in 1861 and entitled "The Youth's Temperance Lecturer." Copies of the original edition are very rare, and much sought after. The reprint (price fifty cents) is excellent. Among other fine engravings that illustrate this brochure, there is one of the Lioness in her Cave, attended by the following pungent lines:

The lion hath a generous heart,
Though his look be strong and brave;
He seeketh food, and giveth a part
To his whelps within the cave.

(Big of him!)

But the drunkard is not kind or good;
His heart seems a heart of stone;
He will not toil or seek for food
For his wife and little one.

Take that to heart, dear friends, and I'll see you next week!

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Old Pondering Quercus, leaving town for the shrubberies, looks forward to one of his paradoxical vacations, which he spends in rubbing the bindings of his old books with *Leather Vita* (admirable stuff; cleans, preserves and nourishes, he also uses it to impart patina to suitcases and as a polish for sunburned scalp. Like Q. himself it is "non-inflammable, non-acid, non-caustic and non-solvent." You can buy it at Putnam's.) ☞His vacations are paradoxical because only then does he get any real work done. ☞Best news of the week: W. W. Norton is going to republish Santayana's *Character and Opinion in the U. S.* in the White Oak Library (September, $2.00). ☞Another good favorite now again in print is Pearsall Smith's ferretting little *Trivia* (Doubleday, $1.35, but only for the very choosiest readers). ☞W. W. Norton must be looking around for something to worry about: his advance Autumn List speaks of "the threat of under-population in the Western World," something that we see no omens of.

☞O'Malley's much admired second-hand bookstore has moved from Columbus Avenue to 1064 Lexington Avenue (near 75th Street) and The O'Malley's many friends wish him many traffics and discoveries at the new address. ☞Among books recently received from abroad the Holliday Book Shop lists *Broken Record*, an autobiography by Roy Campbell. This will greatly interest those who believe this South African poet one of the most remarkable of living writers. ☞Harry Franck, the author of many travel books, is personally conducting a tourist party to the U. S. S. R. He calls it *Roaming Through Russia, or Steppe by Steppe*, and adds "This is not a trip for the perpetually serious minded or for students of nothing but the Five Year Plan. We are going to look into those places where there is music and dancing and find out where the workers go when they don't go home." ☞People who travel in the more expensive accommodation on Russian trains are called Soft Class. ☞Old Publicizing Quercus often wonders why the Telephone Company doesn't use for an advertisement some of those grand lines in Shakespeare's 44th Sonnet:

Despite of space, I would be brought
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then although my foot did stand
Upon the furthest earth removed from thee;
For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
As soon as think the place where he would be.

☞And that reminds us of Don Marquis's play about Henry VIII, *Master of the Revels*, full of fine boisterous character-study. Henry VIII is represented as drinking whiskey . . . did they have whiskey in those days? In his charming Dedicatory Letter at the end of the published play Mr. Marquis says, "It is such a bawdy thing that I feel a man of my sedate years and reputation for propriety should be ashamed of it. But that is the way Henry and I have always spoken when we felt at ease." ☞Mr. Marquis's best recent *mot* was the reply to a treasurer seeking to collect club dues. The treasurer wrote to the members in arrears that he was faced by a dilemma. "Don't worry about that dilemma," replied Mr. Marquis; "cut it in two and make unicorns out of it."

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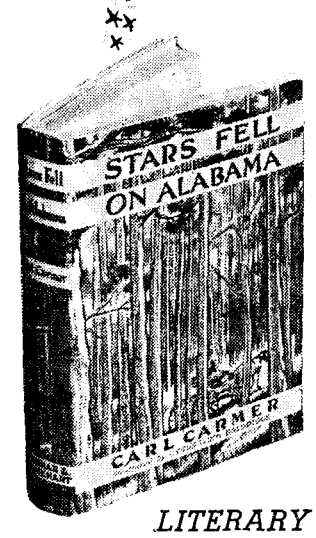

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LITERARY GUILD CHOICE FOR JULY

Stars Fell On Alabama

by CARL CARMER

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